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Things in General

NO method has been left unused by the Liberals to becloud the issues in London and North Oxford, and a few Conservatives like Hon. George E. Foster have added greatly to the difficulties of the opponents of coercion by mixing in the fray while themselves still repulsively deformed by their attitude in 1896. No amount of hair-splitting can relieve the present advocates of coercion from the charge of abandoning the principles for which they fought ten years ago; neither can any tricks of argument relieve those who favored the Remedial Bill of a decade ago and oppose coercion now, from the accusation of a deliberate change of front. What was wrong ten years ago is wrong to-day, and the Conservatives who have changed from wrong to right may properly plead to have been converted, while the Liberals who have come up from right into the wrong must rank as perverts and betrayers of principle. Both political parties admit the propriety of provincial rights. No members of either party, except adherents of the Roman Catholic Church, deny that Separate schools are wrong in principle and breeders of sectarian strife in practice. Both parties appear to admit that the only defence of Separate schools possible is that they are a compromise with the Roman Catholic Church and French Canada; and these by-elections, it is to be hoped, will convince them, no matter how they go, that it is not a compromise liable to bring peace or accrue to the benefit of those willing to make bargains with the Hierarchy. It seems strange that it is proposed that provincial rights, once so dear to the hearts of the Liberals, must be outraged to establish Separate schools in the North-West, though the idea of Separate schools has always been so hateful and seemed so wrong to non-Catholic Grits.

It seems to have been thoroughly established by the speech of Premier Haultain of the North-West Territories, that the amendments to the Autonomy Bill are but tricks of phraseology and in no sense reduce the iniquitous and dangerous nature of the measure. Leader Borden, who fortunately has but little to apologize for in connection with the Remedial Bill, appears to me to have swept away all the arguments advanced by the Liberals to show that they are only doing what the B. N. A. Act forces them to do, and thus every Liberal elector is face to face with the fact that the Liberals are endeavoring to put a great wrong upon the new provinces, and he must be personally guilty of that wrong if he votes in support of a Government candidate. The plea that the electors of London and North Oxford must overlook this one sin of the Government in order to maintain an otherwise good Administration in power, is rubbish. Both constituencies may reject the Government candidate and leave the Administration unweakened except with regard to the Autonomy Bill. The Laurier Government may lose not only two, but twoscore, constituencies and still live four years longer. It will be interesting to see how much the old-fashioned principles of the Liberals of London and North Oxford are worth when it comes to a question such as they will have to decide next Tuesday.

REV. FATHER CRUISE, dating his letter from the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, has hastened to the press with a criticism of a Latin phrase used in my last open letter to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, my spelling of "Coliseum," which he contends should be "Colosseum," and my reference to the Barberini. He does not contend that the Latin phrase was ungrammatical, but unusual, which might have suggested to him that I did not get it out of a phrase book. The "Coliseum" was spelled as is the rule of the office and according to the Standard Dictionary, which gives both spellings. This being the case, I shall not, as he suggests, "blame the spelling on the printers, if he does not on the Hierarchy." As to the phrase with regard to the Barberini, I quoted the words of the guide who showed a party of us through the Coliseum, and since hearing it I have mentioned it to many others who visited Rome, and almost invariably they had been favored with the same remark. The guide appeared to be an educated Italian, but he may have been prejudiced against the Roman Church, as the great majority of Italians are. These criticisms of Father Cruise seem to me childish and trivial. His Latin is no doubt better than mine; probably in a competition my English would be found as good as his, though it is the product of the "little red schoolhouse" and not of a Roman Catholic seminary. If he were anxious that truth should prevail in the present discussion of Separate schools being forcibly fastened upon Western Canada, or as to the propriety and patriotism of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's conduct in betraying the non-Catholics who trusted him, it would have seemed more suitable if his letter to the press had dealt with something of more importance than quibbles as to a Latin phrase, the spelling of a word, or as to exactly what Pope Urban VIII. did or left undone, or as to whether, having lived nearly three hundred years ago, he could properly be called an early Pope. It seems to be the tendency of even estimable priests like Father Cruise to absorb themselves more with the construction and intoning of Latin than with the education of the people and the proper foundation of a nation. I know many men who are unacquainted with Latin and whose spelling is faulty, who are steadfast and patriotic citizens, and have the acquaintance of others who can reel off Latin by the yard without making a mistake in anything but the motives which should guide men who esteem themselves leaders of the people.

SOME people of this town are beginning to wonder whether the Toronto police force is quite so useful as it is ornamental. The successful wholesale business which the pickpockets carried on at the Woodbine, practically unmolested by the officers whose duty it is to stop such lines of enterprise, attracted more attention to the police than their effectiveness has attracted in a decade. One night last week a drug store one door from the corner of King and Yonge streets was entered by a burglar who gained admission by smashing the heavy plate glass of the transom and coolly climbing in. The corner of King and Yonge is one of the most brightly lighted parts of the city, the doorway in which the nervy young man conducted his operations is well illuminated, a battering-ram must have been used on the heavy window, the glass fell about ten or eleven feet before it struck the floor and must have made a very loud crash—yet the burglar was quite unmolested and took more than an hour to ransack the cash registers! When he had accomplished his purpose, he placed a ladder on a chair and climbed out by the same route by which he had entered. He left the ladder standing upon the chair and leaning against the door in the most conspicuous position it could occupy—yet it stood there until eight o'clock the next morning and was discovered only when one of the clerks of the store came to open the place for business! I think this is one of the grossest examples of police inefficiency that I have observed in a great many years. One would think it impossible for such a case to occur. The business people of the corner of King and Yonge and other prominent parts of the city evidently have been living in a fool's paradise, as the *Globe* would say, deeming themselves secure in the bright electric light and under the watchful eye of the police. It now seems to be demonstrated that the most conspicuous corner in the city is not more safe than any obscure street or dark alley. It is about time the Police Commissioners roused themselves and investigated the workings of the force for which they are responsible. The constables are evidently devoting too much time to "moving on" inoffensive pedestrians, to the neglect of their more serious duties.

MISS CLARA BRETT-MARTIN is demonstrating her usefulness as a school trustee by proposing that the sexes be separated in three of the city's Public schools and that a Collegiate Institute shall be set apart for the education of girls. She states that numbers of parents have urged

her to advocate this change, and declares that the feeling is strongest among "the better classes." This she believes to be shown conclusively in the growth of the private schools and the actual decrease in the attendance of the higher forms of the Public schools, and gives as an illustration the number of private schools in Bloor street alone, "all of them crowded." The first move she proposes is to establish separate classes for boys and girls in, say, three of the best Public schools—Ryerson, Dufferin and Givens—because in those schools there are two classes for almost every form and the sexes could easily be separated. One High school, probably the one in Harbord street, she would set aside for young women only. The co-education of the sexes is held by those who have taken most interest in studying the question, to be safest amongst the younger pupils, say up to the age of twelve, and in the older classes—for instance in the University. It is believed that girls particularly, as they are changing from children to women, should be educated in classes by themselves and kept from those rude contacts which numb the modesty and blunt the fineness of thinking and speech of women who begin to feel stirring within them the impulses of womanhood but understand but little of the change that is going on. This being the case, it would seem to be sufficient that in certain of the larger Public schools the sexes in the upper classes should be separated, while there should be one High school at least for girls alone. For years this has been urged on this page, and I have written about it elsewhere in an endeavor to attract attention to the proposition. Briefly, my idea of a High school for girls is one built, equipped and managed under the Provincial laws by our local Board. It should be one so arranged that residences may be conducted in connection with it, the dormitories, however, to be owned,

cial way to Toronto and in the culture way to the school seems to me not to need argument. The private schools are largely financial speculations and cannot afford to employ the teaching ability and have the equipment that could be possessed by an institution such as is proposed.

A religious education is no part of the duty of the state, but it is the duty of the churches. Moreover, it is the duty of the city to supply the best possible schools affording a secular education ample for the wants of life or for matriculation in the University. There is no reason that these two ideas of education should not be managed conjointly so that the city takes no hand in religious education nor interferes in the slightest with the spiritual direction of the pupils by the denominations to which their parents belong. It is to be hoped if the Board of Education consider Miss Martin's proposal that they will also look carefully into this other phase of this important matter.

AN old cynic once said that the great mystery of a woman was that there was no mystery about her. The great mystery of Japanese strategy seems to be its absolute lack of mystery. The great turning movements in the land battles and the naval manoeuvres which have been so remarkably successful have, after all, been exactly what the least gifted observers had a right to expect. The absolute naturalness of the Japanese has made them difficult foes to encounter, and the deadly silence which has enveloped their operations has created all the mystery which has puzzled the Russian generals and the commanders of the forces at sea. It is only now we begin to learn of the ships that Japan has lost and of the silent, unending struggle to replace batteries which had been destroyed. In a world



A GOOD CATCH—MASKINONGE FISHING.
(Designed by the Commercial Art Co., Limited, Toronto.)

managed and sustained entirely by the societies or religious institutions who intend to use them as residences for the girls whom they esteem to be their special care. For pupils not residents of Toronto fees sufficiently high should be charged by the school authorities to make that section of the scheme thoroughly self-sustaining. For the city girls in attendance a slightly less fee might be charged, but in the aggregate the pupils should pay the expense of maintaining the building and the teaching staff. The dormitories, or residences, should be made by those running them as attractive and artistic as possible, tending to the best culture of the girls in the accomplishments of life and the refinement of manners. This is what Miss Martin calls the "culture" part of the schooling, and the culture of those in the residences should greatly add to the refining influences of the school in general, just as the boys in residence at Upper Canada College are presumed to exercise a good influence on the day boys.

The strongest feature of this idea of a girls' Collegiate Institute and the associated residences managed by refined and religious women, is that it offers a first-class education to the many young women whose parents live throughout Canada and have no good school accessible. Hundreds of these girls are sent to convents, where the education is almost entirely superficial and of the veneer "culture" order. Probably thousands of other girls are sent to private schools—or colleges, as they are called—for the sake of the culture and sometimes in the hope that they will pick up a reasonably good education of a general sort. I am free to confess that I do not believe that the convents or girls' colleges are equipped to give a young woman the education she needs, though I am not at all sure that she is not better off with "culture" than she is with an ordinary High school education and lacking the refinements which come of residence among gentle women who take charge of a girl's demeanor and moral development. If, for instance, the Jarvis street school were made a girls' Collegiate Institute, there are a score of large residences near by which could be used by the Methodists, the Presbyterians, the Baptists, the Anglicans, and the various other denominations, and the girls never be absent from the eye of the manager of the institution. That these school residences would be largely patronized—even by our local people—I have no doubt; that they would bring scores, perhaps hundreds, of young ladies to the city I feel confident; that they would be profitable in a finan-

where publicity means so much that is false and misleading, Japan has shown the wonderful strength, mystery and profundity of an unbroken and strategic silence. With a politeness that has been a lesson to civilization, newspaper correspondents and military attachés from the most alert nations have been kept in reasonably good humor yet denied access to any information which would be of use to the enemy. Lying has not been resorted to, for Japan knows how the world hates the discovered lie. Silence has been the mantle with which Japan has enveloped herself, and it seems to me that no more significant lesson has ever been offered to the student of national affairs than the policy of proceeding to do the thing which has to be done, in the most natural way and saying nothing about it. Carlyle once said that a man to be original only needs to be sincere. Japan has been sincere, and the originality of its campaign, in itself absolutely devoid of mystery, has been startling in its effectiveness. The great wonder, however, still remains, how huge armies and a great navy have been kept out of the world's sight while they were preparing to do their work. Like a cat watching for a mouse, Togo laid for the Russians and smote them exactly as an animal would lie beside the beaten track waiting for its prey. Every day or two we heard of the Russians passing some given point, but for weeks we heard nothing of the Japanese ships or of the great silent Admiral, who, if he had acted differently, would seem to have acted wrong, yet, because he made the fight in about the only place that it could be made with the conditions in his favor, appears to have done exactly what was unexpected. Japan appears to be teaching the world something about the simple life. The perplexity of Japanese patriotism appears to be its purity, and all the world applauds this nation of little brown men who in a time of trial have been exactly what they ought to be. Queer, isn't it?

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, the English dramatist, critic, humorist, public speaker, socialist, and the Lord only knows what not, seems to find himself pretty hard pushed to find new methods by which to attract the attention of the public. Mr. Shaw happened to have the questionable fortune to be born with an abundant supply of brains—and these brains seem likely to bring about his downfall. The first thing he wrote and published chanced to be clever and original. Some said it was even startling. It certainly caused

a good deal of comment and brought Mr. Shaw before the public as a curious sort of man who had something to say and wasn't backward about saying it. The people who read his first stuff waited expectantly for more. They were even so indiscreet as to let Mr. Shaw know that they were waiting for him to amuse or startle them. It was this attitude on the part of the public that led to the brilliant author's undoing. From the position of a writer of honest, fresh and vigorous opinion he has rapidly fallen to the level of the "smart" and irresponsible entertainer. He has lost none of his cleverness; his writings are as clear, as bright, as original, as ever—but through everything he says runs the obvious taint of self-consciousness, the evidence that the author is making frantic efforts to avoid the fatality of an anticlimax in a brilliant literary career. He no longer feels that there are subjects at hand which furnish material for legitimate criticism or ridicule; subjects that deserve and demand only sober and respectful treatment or reference are ruthlessly grabbed by the fame-thirsty writer and converted into vulgar jests for the entertainment of the mob and the cheap glorification of the vandal Shaw. As the works of Shakespeare are the most venerated of all writings in the English language, Mr. Shaw has found in the ridicule of them the strongest dose that he can pour out to his thirsty satellites and uncritical admirers. On the public platform Shakespeare is laughed at, his plays are torn to tatters and their "crudities" ridiculed, his "rhythms" patronized and his art condemned—and all this by a man who, though he has produced many "clever" theatrical entertainments, has never written one artistically constructed play nor, during the last ten years, turned out a line that was not freakish smartness or howling rot! Only a few weeks ago Mr. Shaw startled the literary people of two continents by declaring that Shakespeare was more artizan than artist, and more recently he has followed this absurd statement up by publicly claiming that he, George Bernard Shaw, has written and will again write better plays than *As You Like It* or *Much Ado About Nothing*. The career of this man Shaw is thoroughly representative of the careers of all men who start out to be merely "different." Most of these men have an original streak in them, and as a touch of originality is a very valuable asset they soon appreciate its usefulness and compel it to work overtime. As there is a limit to all legitimate originality, the men who are constantly striving to be original soon become mere freaks, and whereas they were once leaders of thought they soon degenerate into mere buffoons or amusers of the mob. George Bernard Shaw and others of his kind soon run their course. When they have exhausted audacity, they find themselves compelled to return to legitimate work. But their fitness for legitimate work has largely been destroyed by the time they have wasted in fooling; the public does not recognize them when they conduct themselves properly—and in the end they find that they have wasted their opportunities, injured their natural mental endowments and rendered it almost impossible for themselves to regain an honest, permanent position of eminence equal to the temporary one they had attained by illegitimate means. In the end it never pays to become a freak, as a freak is untrue—and whatever is untrue is dishonest—and dishonesty is a heavy waver.

A DESPATCH from Belleville—which I have not seen contradicted—has announced that F. J. Reilly, the man who was sentenced to a year's imprisonment for the part he played in the bogus ballot-box conspiracy, is to be released on account of his ill-health. It is remarkable that almost anyone who happens to be sent to jail for an offence connected with politics will be found to suffer from physical weakness. Mr. Reilly's trouble is said to be both mental and physical—therefore his appeal for sympathy being double-barrelled, and loaded by the Church, he can scarcely fail in his efforts to regain his liberty after having served a few months. There is a great deal of false sentiment floating around this country, always at the disposal of a political offender. Toronto had quite an experience with it a little more than a year ago, when certain persons defied the laws and attempted to elect municipal officials in opposition to the wishes of the majority of the citizens. Those who eventually went to jail were released after a few months, and the judge who sentenced them came in for considerable and none too kindly criticism. True, I believe these men were released on a legal technicality, but it was the attitude of a great number of unduly sentimental people that made the attainment of their permanent liberty possible. It is to be regretted that public opinion is taking the course indicated by such cases. To pity persons undergoing any painful experience is unquestionably commendable—but the fact that one pities a criminal is no reason why he should be set at liberty before he has experienced his full punishment, and so mislead others into committing offences in the belief that in their case, also, Justice will be rendered impotent by Sentiment. If a man makes a fool of himself, and through his own folly breaks his leg, the fact that his constitution is weak will not induce Nature to cure him more hastily than is natural in order that his life may be saved. He should have known before he took any rash chances that his constitution was not good. If a man of delicate constitution breaks the law, he should know before he does the breaking that he may find it hard to pull through a year or more in prison. No man of Reilly's intelligence and education could play the part he played in the bogus ballot-box conspiracy without realizing the chances he was taking in the game. The game—a beastly bad one at best—went against him; he got a very light sentence—and now he should serve his time without squealing. If the authorities listen to his squeal and let him out, they must expect to have the same experience with all other political offenders who have the ill-luck to be "sent down." If disregarding the election laws is to be deemed an act deserving punishment, the punishment should be certain and severe; if disregarding the election laws is not to be regarded as anything more than a somewhat unfortunate joke, the public should be informed to that effect, that every man may regulate his own conduct in regard to electoral affairs, without the uncomfortable feeling possessing him that he may be committing some heinous offence.

REV. JEREMIAH CROWLEY, whose book, *The Patriarchal School, a Curse to the Church, a Menace to the Nation*, produced a great sensation when published last fall, has now brought out a second edition of the work, to which has been added some sixty pages dealing with Separate schools in Canada. As Father Crowley is a thoroughly reputable priest and a devout Catholic, his opinion of Separate schools and of the conduct of Sir Wilfrid Laurier in joining hands with the Roman Catholic Hierarchy in coercing the North-West, will carry a weight it could not have if it came from any other than a good son of the Church. Here are some extracts from the book which will give a Roman Catholic priest's views of the school situation in Canada and his opinion of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the governing body of his own church.

"The probability is that the inwardness of the North-West autonomy measure will never be made public. The Hierarchy glory in working in the dark; they are in their element where intrigues are concerned; they delight in secret interviews, in half-concealed threats, in dazzling promises which are never carried out."

"How Sir Wilfrid Laurier has been wrought upon will likely remain forever among the hidden things of the world; but as regards his having completely fallen under the influence of the Hierarchy there can be no shadow of doubt. Remembering the stand he took in 1896, when the Manitoba school question was before the people of Canada; remembering his fearless denunciation then of the aims of the Hierarchy; remembering, also, his proved devotion to the public weal in spite of all their threats, I cannot but conclude that pressure of an extraordinary kind has been brought to bear on him, to induce him to wheel right about and take a position the opposite to that which he formerly occupied."

"There must have been secret interviews innumerable,

threats and promises of the strongest character. Indeed, it is not too much to believe that the authority of the Vatican itself has been called in to compel Sir Wilfrid's submission. For without pressure of a most unusual character no man would ever dream of making the volte face that Sir Wilfrid has made.

"Sir Wilfrid Laurier had not even taken Mr. Haultain into his confidence, although the legislation he intended proposing was for the region over which Mr. Haultain's authority extended. Surely a most curious state of matters. More, it has been definitely established that Sir Wilfrid did not so much as take into confidence, in respect to this measure, all the members of his own Cabinet—a most unusual proceeding for a Premier, under the British system, to adopt!

"Sir Wilfrid Laurier," Father Crowley continues, "proved himself an apt scholar. When the aims of the Hierarchy are concerned, provincial rights and all other rights must go. . . . To satisfy the Hierarchy he outraged the constitution of the country, went back upon his own record, and played the autocrat, when he should have been the defender of the people's liberties. Had his life closed in 1896, he would have been lauded in history as the first of patriots and among the most lofty-minded of public men; but through his attitude in 1905 in connection with the coercion of the Canadian West, and his subservience to the interests of the Hierarchy, his name will stand in the annals of his country as that of a man who betrayed his trust."

Father Crowley, in common with many Canadians, believes that the settlement of the Manitoba school question after the elections of 1896 was based on a secret understanding between Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Vatican, in which understanding Sir Wilfrid promised to see that the Church would eventually get what its rulers desired in the province which Sir Charles Tupper unsuccessfully attempted to coerce.

"There is an incident worth recording," says the priest, "that points to the fact that the Hierarchy have, since 1896, been ceaselessly striving after the subversion of the Manitoba school system. Monsignor Falconio, then Papal Delegate to Canada, was on a visit to the West. On his arrival at Winnipeg, he was presented with an address in which complaint was made against Sir Wilfrid Laurier, because of his action in relation to the Manitoba school question. Mgr. Falconio, it is stated, tore the address from the hands that held it, and throwing it on the ground, stamped upon it, at the same time saying angrily that no Catholic should dare to utter one word against Sir Wilfrid, the implication being that the latter would have Separate schools established by law throughout the West when the opportunity came."

In describing the present Manitoba school system, the author says:

"Remember that the Hierarchy have not to break new ground in Manitoba. They are there, as we have already seen. Their schools are flourishing and favored by the Manitoba Government. All that remains is to have them legalized; and from the present status they occupy to that, is not even a step. Nothing more is required than a mere formal approval by the Government of the educational code taught within them; a matter of no difficulty where politicians, as in Canada, are more concerned about votes than they are about the country's welfare."

Evidently the unworthy conduct of some of our public men is earning a very undesirable reputation for Canada abroad.

Father Crowley has had the fullest opportunity for studying the Separate or Parochial school in all its varieties, and here is the way he sums up the effect the system produces on the people who are victimized by it, and on the country generally, in which it flourishes:

"Moreover, it is a fact so notorious that there is no necessity for dwelling on it, that the product of the Separate school is more commonly found among the criminal classes than the product of any other system of education. Yes, to my shame as a Catholic I say it, the percentage of Catholics among criminals is greater than that of any other form of religious belief. And go down to the slums of our great cities, whether it be on this side of the Atlantic or the other, and who are the denizens of the fetid hovels which reek with crime as well as with physical foulness, but members of the Catholic Church, who are products of the Separate or Parochial school, and who have been fed on the empty trivialities of the Separate school provides? The Separate school has not fitted them for the struggle of life. It has made them morally and mentally feeble, so that they have been forced to go down before the products of the Public school."

The last warning of this Roman Catholic priest, who has made a careful study of Separate schools, not only in the United States, but in Canada, is:

"The Separate school stands for a divided country. So long as it exists, there will not be a unified Canadian people. The term Canada will, in fact, mean nothing more than a vast territory; it will have no application to the people who reside within it; for these will be as far apart as the diverse races

of the Austrian empire stand—separated by a wide gulf whose sides are joined by no connecting bridge.

"Nor will it end there. It is a well-known truth in the realm of history that there is no standing still as regards conditions and the characteristics that people display. An idea imbibed to-day may mean a revolution within a century. A feeling of coldness on the part of one nation toward another may eventually intensify into a positive hatred that must find expression in war. Hungary and German Austria, though under the same monarch, have never become one; and the jealousy that has separated them so long, led, half a century ago, to one of the bloodiest wars that history has known."

"Is there no possibility of the French and English in Canada ever meeting face to face on the battle-field in a fratricidal war? The coolness that is being engendered between them by the Separate school, unless dissipated by race fusion, is certain some day to show itself in active hostility."

"My last word to Canada is an appeal for the abolition of the Separate school, and the establishing in its place of a truly national institution. She must do so to have a place among the great nations of the world."

And these words, it should be borne in mind, are the words of a Roman Catholic priest of the Archdiocese of Chicago, whose moral standing and record have never been impeached, whose criticisms are not directed at his church or his religion, but at the Jesuitical clique that at present is running it to its ruin.

A PHILADELPHIA paper, in commenting on the discovery of the seedless apple, takes advantage of the occasion to air its views on the final futility of man's attempts to improve nature. The Yankee editor admits that we can do many things in mechanics, and even in horticulture, but when we come to the animal kingdom we are and always shall be practically unable to alter or in any considerable degree direct natural tendencies. The man from Philadelphia asks:

If we have the seedless orange and the coreless apple, why not the boneless shad? You can double and double a violet until it looks like an oyster. Why not simplify the most delectable of fishes until it is as easily eaten as a croquette?

The reason why you can't is—that you can't. The only wonder is that, for all his intelligence and abundance of appliances, man can alter the course of Nature in the slightest. Professor Loeb has achieved a national reputation for doing—what? Next to nothing at all. Our improvements on Nature come at the risk of the very life of the species improved. If all apples and oranges were seedless, the trees, propagated from slips alone, would slowly but inevitably deteriorate. The seeds of the banana are already sterile, so that if, by some calamity, the trees were all killed, there would be no more bananas. The potato, persistently grown from tubers alone, is already in a bad way.

An acquaintance of Edison's once asked him where the progress of mechanical invention was to end. "In the year two thousand," said the inventor, "when you come to a steel works you will find the ore being smelted at one end and the rails being piled up neatly at the other. There won't be a man in the entire factory. If you want to take a look around it you will have to hunt up the boy in charge. He will be in a neighboring field, digging potatoes. There is no limit to which manufacture can be made mechanical. But potatoes will still be planted and dug by hand!"

There is more genius in that one saying than in the phonograph. Those of us who look on at the work of the magician of the material world go mad in the pride of intelligence. But he knows that the one supreme, unalterable and incomprehensible phenomenon in life is—life.

It is always an easy thing to predict that this and that

problem will never be solved, especially when the solution of this and that can not be brought about in the near future. The statement attributed to Edison—that there is no limit to mechanical improvement, but that "potatoes will still be planted and dug by hand"—is not even a safe prediction, however. It may be quite natural that Mr. Edison, whose attention has been devoted almost exclusively to mechanics, should regard his own field as the most fertile for the purposes of the scientist, but at the same time he was indulging in his preposterous prediction another equally famous scientist was also taking a turn at prophecy. This person was a great French chemist, who for some years past has been playing innumerable tricks with nature in the vegetable kingdom. He makes all the vegetable oils from materials that are usually regarded by the unscientific as having no connection whatever with vegetable life. This gentleman predicts with every evidence of confidence that within a comparatively short time the growing of vegetables, and even animals, for food will be a discarded occupation. He claims that there is every reason to hope that science will soon be able to solve the problem of blending the elements in as many combinations as nature has found it possible to do—that all varieties of the known vegetables will be produced in extensive laboratories, and a great many that nature has not yet put forth. By similar processes meats, eggs, milk and what not will be ground out by chemistry and machinery—and the festive cow, sheep, pig and hen will vanish from the scene. True, some lonely specimens may linger in zoological gardens—to amuse the children, to furnish excuses for nurses' appointments to their admirers, to supply the funny man with bright jests at the crude and barbarous social and economical conditions of to-day—but their utilitarian purpose will have disappeared. It is amusing to note that this scientist agrees with the Philadelphia editor in predicting that the experiments of Professor Loeb will never result in the artificial production of life. Each man evidently has more faith in his own line of thought and work than he has in the departments in which his fellow scientists find their chief interest and hopes. It would seem in the present day of scientific wonder-working that the only safe plan for the average man to follow is to sit tight and be surprised at nothing that happens to turn up. When the day comes when we masticate an artificially manufactured lamb-chop in the dining-salon of an international airport, we shall have no reason to be surprised if the repast be served by an artificially manufactured waiter. Pretty nearly anything may be possible.

THE world is still cheering Admiral Togo for his great victory over the Russians. The world has not yet finished ridiculing Admiral Rojestvensky and the fleet he commanded. The battle in which the European fleet was almost annihilated by its Oriental antagonists seems to be regarded by the press as a great theatrical spectacle or the realistic climax in a wonderful series of moving pictures. Apparently no one realizes or cares what the significance of the event really is. True, everyone will admit that Rojestvensky's defeat means the collapse of Russian hopes of establishing a great Oriental wing to the empire of the Czar. Almost everyone will also admit that Togo's victory means the final withdrawal of the last question as to Japan's right to occupy a quickly won position in the magic circle of first-class world powers. But these political aspects are regarded as of interest chiefly to the politician and the statesman. By the man in the street the Japanese victory seems to be regarded as an interesting or wonderful event, an event that appeals more to one's sense of the picturesque than to one's more calculating imagination. The ships that were sent to the bottom are spoken of as if they were phantoms; the thousands of men who were drowned or mangled seem but shadow pictures on a screen. The funny paragrapher works off smart jokes and silly puns based on a tragedy that may never have been equalled in the history of the sea. The cartoonists draw humorous pictures of scenes which, if they ever had the misfortune to see them in the original, would paralyze them with horror and disgust. Men who would faint at the sight of a mangled and bloody corpse of the victim of a street-car accident read with keen satisfaction and a smiling face the story of how four or five thousand men were suddenly fed alive to the fish of the sea, or were blown into dripping fragments or burnt to a sizzling crisp. The reason for this general mental attitude, which looks like barbarous callousness to the thoughtful observer, seems to be that the human mind is so constructed that anything big, picturesque or fantastic produces a stronger effect on our thinking apparatus than can even the profoundest, but silent, appeal for human sympathy. We will, most likely, be a long time yet in emancipating ourselves from the last bonds linking us with our savage past. Although our better judgment tells us we should loathe and abhor carnage and physical violence, the primitive man still lingers within us delights in strife, conflict, extermination—the mangling of human flesh. In the present case it may be said that the Anglo-Saxon people rejoice in Togo's victory rather because they have not forgotten the incident of the Dogger Bank than because of the satisfaction they obtain from reading glowing accounts of bloodshed on a gigantic scale. Certainly the firing on the British

fishing fleet has not tended to arouse sympathy for Rojestvensky in the hearts of the English-speaking nations; nevertheless the greater part of the satisfaction exhibited springs partly from a natural tendency to hero-worship and partly from—it is to be feared—an equally natural admiration for things big, rapid and bloody. Had five thousand Russian peasants been exterminated in a volcanic eruption or an earthquake, Canadians and Englishmen alike would have been shocked and stirred with sympathy. The extermination of these people would not have been theatrical. Had four or five hundred Russians gone down in a passenger ship at sea, nothing but regret and horror would have been manifest in our local press. The event would not have been great and stirring. But four or five thousand Russians are drowned or blown into fragments in a glorious, melodramatic naval fight—and even the mildest and most anemic Canadian cheers, smiles and makes jokes upon the tragedy. The last event was a "spectacle." It would seem that we are not so very far removed from savage little children who thoughtlessly clap their hands at the most painful, if attractive, sights.

Religious Intolerance in Spain.

A PROPOS of the visit of the King of Spain to England, the following letter is reproduced. In it we have evidence of the broad tolerance of which the friends of the Quebec Hierarchy boast:

To the Editor of SATURDAY NIGHT:

SIR,—The daily newspapers have recently reported certain disturbances at the opening of a new Protestant church at Barcelona, in Spain, where several Protestant missionaries were violently assaulted and stoned. The Cardinal Archbishop of Barcelona made the strongest possible efforts to prevent the opening of this Protestant church, and he sent a special appeal to the King of Spain in the interests of religious intolerance, requesting His Majesty to prevent the church from being opened for divine service. In view of the fact that the King of Spain is about to visit England, it will, no doubt, painfully interest the majority of your readers to know that the King of Spain gave a very favorable response to the Cardinal's appeal.

A lady correspondent, residing in Spain, has forwarded to me a translation of the King of Spain's letter on this subject to the Cardinal. It is as follows:

"Madrid, May 1st, 1905.

"Very Rev. Senor Cardinal,—With great interest and profound sympathy, I read the letter that you sent to me on the 22nd of the past month, the contents of which confirmed the notices that I had already received regarding the intention to open a new Protestant church in the Catholic city of Barcelona. I am earnestly desirous that this matter should be clearly decided according to the text of the fundamental law and its posterior dispositions, and to prove it I have had it discussed by my Council of Ministers for several days, and in union with them, I have sought the most efficacious means of correcting an abuse that is incompatible with the legislation now in force and the unanimous sentiments of the Spanish nation. As a Catholic king, and a submissive son and believer of the only true Church, this new attempt against the faith of our ancestors, and the religion of the State which has been confided to me by Divine Providence, has caused me profound pain; and I do not hesitate to assure you that I shall do what is possible, within the limits of a constitutional sovereign, that my Government may defeat the projects that your Eminence has exposed."

I am sure that after reading the above translation of the King of Spain's letter, all lovers of religious liberty in Great Britain will rejoice that the rumors of His Majesty's approaching marriage to the daughter of the Duke of Connaught are unfounded.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
EDWARD H. GARBETT,
Secretary Imperial Protestant Federation.

Dudley House, 36-38 Southampton street, Strand, London, W.C., May 24, 1905.

The Coat-Armor of the Kingdom of Ireland and of the Dominion of Canada.

TORONTO, JUNE 5th, 1905.

To the Editor of SATURDAY NIGHT:

DEAR SIR,—From time to time the apparent lack of knowledge of the coat-of-arms of both Ireland and Canada is manifestly exhibited. It is a curious thing that in so up-to-date, bright, and clever a place as Toronto, half of her citizens on holidays and at other times fly from their houses and flag-staffs a flag which is often supposed to be the Canadian ensign, but which is really nothing but a flag-maker's accomplishment. The coat-of-arms which is emblazoned in the corner of the flag generally displays nine quarterings, being, I suppose, what is thought to be the Canadian armorial bearings. Instead of nine quarterings there should only be five. Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Manitoba are at present the only rightful bearers of coat-of-arms as provinces. The other coats-of-arms belonging to British Columbia, Prince Edward Island, North-West Territories and Yukon Territory have been assumed by those provinces without right or reason and are at present spurious and with no significance. If these provinces desire coat-of-arms, let them apply to Herald's College. The coat-of-arms of Canada, therefore, is composed of five quarterings, viz., Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Manitoba. Another object of mistake is the coat-of-arms of Ireland. Many people suppose that the arms of Ireland are a golden harp on a green background. This is not so. The arms of Ireland have been, ever since coat-of-arms has been recognized, a golden harp on a background of royal blue. This very common mistake of emblazoning the Irish arms in wrong colors shows lack of knowledge which everybody should have. Canadians are a people who like to see things done right, whether it be in business or not. Then is it not reasonable that the lover of heraldry should only ask that the armorial bearings of his native country should be correctly emblazoned? The writer does not wish to be considered a snob or a grumbler, but only one who likes to see things done decently and in order. A man of to-day should know something of heraldry, for, since the author of *Rob Roy* made *Di Vernon* say, "What! Is it possible? Not know the figures of heraldry! Of what could your father be thinking?" we have acknowledged that heraldry is not just rubbish for old men to bother about and on which spinsters become disgruntled. Trusting you may publish this appeal to a reasonable public, I am, dear sir,

Yours very truly,
"HERALD."

Straws in the Wind.

It is a strange fact that the most moral people always are more interested in the history of a noted criminal than in the lives of saints or philanthropists.

It is not enough for a woman to be wise for herself; she is always expected to be wise for some one else's self.

We gain knowledge by what we learn; wisdom, by what we unlearn.

Love has rights. Friendship must content herself with privileges.

We are wise to-day, that to-morrow we may look back and say: "How foolish we were!"

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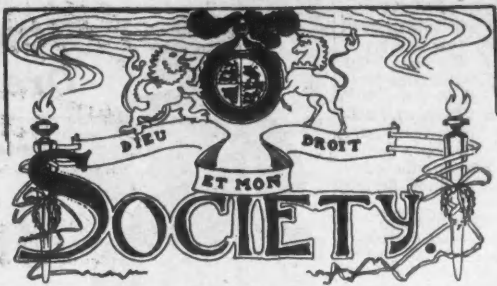
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THE weddings of the week have had their share of moisture, for steady or intermittent rain, thunderbolts or lightning strokes have been the rule on each day. On Monday Miss Edith Coady and Mr. James Douglas were married in St. Thomas's Church by Rev. A. J. Broughall, D.D., assisted by his son, Rev. A. F. Broughall, and the ceremony was witnessed by a large party of guests, which filled the seats reserved, and was remarkably smart and joyous. During the half-hour while the guests were being seated, Mr. Doward played some very beautiful selections, and the church was transformed from dim vacancy on the arrival of the guests to a veritable parterre of all the colors of the rainbow. White flowers and palms decorated the chancel, with a touch of faint pink of huge carnations on the altar, which was hung with the festal hangings, and youth and beauty decorated the rest of the sacred edifice. The ushers who officiated in the seating of the guests were Mr. Howard Douglas, brother of the groom, Mr. Harry Hees, Mr. Stewart Playfair and Mr. Harold Mara, cousin of the bride. The best man was Mr. Norwood Lash of Montreal. After the arrival of the families of the bride and groom, Mrs. Coady and Mrs. Douglas each wearing delicate grey costumes, Mrs. Coady carrying orchids, and Mrs. Gibbons, grandmother of the bride, in a rich black gown and bonnet relieved with white and carrying white roses, all heads were turned to the west door, where the bride's procession entered, preceded by the ushers. Miss Lena Coady, younger sister of the bride, who is a radiant girl, not yet out, led the way as maid of honor in a pretty rose pink gown and hat of transparent Napoleon lined with pink and trimmed with red rosebuds and carrying a sheaf of Meteor roses. The bridesmaids were Miss Alice Jones, sister of the groom, and Miss Alice Jones of Boston, and their gowns were of white mousseline de soie and lace, with white plumed hats, the bouquets being of pink roses. Then the bride, in a flowing trained robe des noces of chiffon over satin, with a bertha of fine lace and a tiny knot of lily of the valley and orange blossoms on the corsage, a veil of tulle completely enveloping her petite figure and a little crown of orange blossoms resting on her fair hair, was led in by her father. Miss Coady's bouquet was a shower of white roses and lily of the valley, and she wore a diamond pin, the gift of the groom. After the ceremony, the bridal party went to the registry to sign the register and the bride and groom shortly came down the aisle, looking the picture of happiness. The bridal party and the guests then drove to Mr. Coady's residence in Huron street, where a reception was held, the host and hostess greeting their guests at the entrance to the drawing-room and the bride and groom and their party standing within. There were hundreds of lovely flowers all about, pink roses being used for a touch of color, and in the dining-room, through which the company passed to the refreshment marquee, were the gifts of great beauty and variety, two being especially prominent, a handsome cabinet of silver from the staff of the City Treasurer's office and a beautiful monogrammed watch from the groom's business associates. A large table, also a gift, was filled with splendid cut-glass of every possible use, and several cheques, while the room was lined with tables loaded with china, silver, pictures and many other handsome things. Out in the marquee, though the rain poured pitilessly, there was mirth and jollity; healths were drunk in sparkling Mumm, speeches were made and choruses sung. There were so many young folks, intimate friends, that it was one of the merriest weddings imaginable. Dr. Broughall proposed the health of the bride and groom in a very happy and humorous speech, and the groom responded, his reply being punctuated with cheers and laughter. Paps Coady and Douglas and Mr. Norwood Lash also made very funny speeches, quite a happy departure from the usual formal sort of effort. The young folks sang and the men cheered. A few of the out-of-town guests were Mr. George Christie, Gibbons and Miss Marjorie Gibbons, aunt and cousin of the bride, who came down from London. Mrs. Gibbons wore a handsome lilac and white gown and lilac hat, and carried white and mauve sweet peas. Miss Kent was another Londoner at the bridal. Mr. Charles Riordan, Mr. Norwood Lash and Miss Alice Conventon of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Riordan of St. Catharines, Miss Burdige of Ottawa, Miss Mildred Jones, were other out-of-town guests. Mr. and Mrs. Will Douglas of Polo, Illinois, were a bride and groom whose presence was most welcome, Toronto friends of the groom being glad to meet his bright and charming bride, whose lovely white silk dress was enlivened with *broderies de soie*, and whose manner and appearance won all hearts. Mr. and Mrs. James Douglas left on the late train for their honeymoon, the bride going away in a blue and white silk shirt-waist suit with a fawn hat and traveling coat. On their return they will reside in Cottenham street. The groom's gifts to the bridesmaids were pearl pins, and to his best man and ushers gold cuff-links with the bridal monogram on one link and the recipient's on the other.

On Tuesday another gloomy morning was the gift of the weather man to Professor Kerr Duncan MacMillan of Princeton University, N.J., and Miss Cornelia Chesboro Lash for their wedding day, but fortunately the clouds lifted and the sun shone out gloriously before the reception was over. The ceremony took place in St. Andrew's Church, Rev. Armstrong Black, assisted by Rev. S. Walker MacMillan, brother of the groom, officiating. Very elaborate decorations were arranged in honor of the auspicious occasion, the florist having *carte blanche* to transform the chancel into a bower of white and green, and it was quite lovely with hundreds of lilac plumes, fragrant and graceful amid their rich green foliage, covering the whole south wall to the windows, and embowering the pulpit, from which a sort of palm and lilac canopy was extended over the bridal pair and the officiating clergy. Huge bouquets of white lilac stood at the pew entrances and down the center of the blocks of seats, and wide white ribbons were festooned from bouquets the entire length of the side walls and down the center. Guests began to take their seats in this fragrant temple before two o'clock, and it was soon filled with the most beautifully gowned women and many men prominent in the highest walks of life in Toronto. The relatives of the bride and groom occupied the front seat outside the pews, and the first three pews. The Misses Mortimer Clark and Miss Davidson were in a front side pew, and Mrs. Armstrong Black with friends was in the Manse pew opposite. The organist played very beautiful music during the seating of the guests, and very softly afterwards, and the full choir sang twice during the service. The bride's procession was led by four ushers, Mr. Z. Lash and Mr. I. S. Lash, brothers of the bride, Mr. William Hart and Mr. George MacDonnell. Dr. MacCrae of Montreal was best man. Two fairy flower girls, relatives of the bride, Dorothy Lash and Adelaide Millar, in white frockies and poke bonnets, trimmed with daisies, and carrying baskets of daisies, preceded the maid of honor, Miss Elsie Lash of Winnipeg, who was followed by the three bridesmaids, Miss Cassels of Montreal, Miss Beatrice Macdonald and Miss Winnifred Rose. The maid of honor, and one of the bridesmaids (who walked behind the other two) were in white with white hats wreathed in white lilac; the other two were in pale green *crêpe de soie* with wreaths of tiny pink roses on their hats. All carried white lilacs. Then came the cynosure of all eyes, the handsome bride, in a stately gown of white satin, falling in folds *en train*, with a beautiful bertha of deep lace on the corsage and a long tulle veil, arranged very prettily over sprays of orange flowers and buds which had crowned the bride's mother at her marriage. She carried an ethereal-looking bouquet of lily of the valley and ferns. Mr. Lash brought in his daughter, and when the bridal party had grouped themselves on either side of the bride and groom, the ushers standing in a line to the left, many an admiring friend took a mental picture which will not soon fade. The bride's procession came in by the east door and aisle and left by the west entrance, and all the way out were greetings to the happy couple, which evoked recognition in happy little bows and radiant smiles from the bride, who is a greatly beloved member of her circle. At the family residence in Grenville street, Mr. and Mrs. Lash

received, and hundreds of guests tendered their congratulations and good wishes to the bride and groom. In the enormous marquee on the lawn a sumptuous *déjeuner* was served and the happy change in the weather gave an *éclat* to the proceedings which was delightful. Mrs. Lash wore a delicate black Chantilly lace gown over opal satin; Mrs. Millar Lash, *née* Thompson, was in white, with picture hat and sheaf of red roses. Her tiny son, in white with a Napoleon hat trimmed with red, was everyone's pet. Mrs. Coburn, formerly Miss Carrie Lash, was all in black with large hat and looked very well. Relatives of the groom were Mrs. Walker MacMillan, in a very handsome gown of white satin, *en train*, and white picture hat, and Miss MacMillan of Lindsay. There were hundreds of guests, but there was plenty of room everywhere, and a splendid array of gifts was admired by the friends of the *nouveaux mariés*. The bride and groom's health was proposed by Dr. Armstrong Black, who is not, I believe, to be here to celebrate another wedding in St. Andrew's. (Someone said that his first wedding in Toronto was that of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Burritt.) After the *déjeuner* Mrs. MacMillan changed her bridal robe for a quiet grey traveling suit with *chapeau* of grey straw, and with her husband left on the honeymoon, which will not be followed as in the case of Monday's bride, by her return to Toronto to reside.

Lady Davies left on Tuesday evening for Ottawa. Sir Louis went down on Sunday night and spent Saturday at Niagara Falls instead of at the Woodbine, where I saw Lady Davies with her hosts, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn. Miss Mary Davies did not go to Ottawa with her mother, but is visiting friends in Rosedale this week. Miss Davies also remained here to close Mrs. Nicholson-Cutter's School of Expression, the exercises of which were so interesting last week. Miss Mary Davies delivered the valedictory and Sir Louis and Lady Davies came up for the occasion. The students were charming in their white dresses and carried Beauty roses. On Sunday for luncheon, and on Monday evening for dinner, Mrs. Cockburn asked two or three friends to meet her guests.

The Japanese professor who gave the exhibition of jiu-jitsu at Massey Hall on Tuesday night must fancy Toronto an erratic city. When a certain small Jap came out to give a wonderful address on jiu-jitsu the galleries broke into wild enthusiasm, mistaking him for the wrestler. He continued to talk a sort of polyglot until they adjured him to stop. Then when the real wrestler (not with the King's English) came on there was a faint echo of the former misplaced enthusiasm. The ladies who went to see the jiu-jitsu must have suffered from the continued disorderly row in the top galleries, which was kept up by a group of small boys whom no one seemed to care in the least to control. Several ladies left before the performance was over on account of their noise.

A very smart wedding took place on Wednesday in St. James' Cathedral, when Mr. Elwood Moore and Miss Marie Louise Reynolds were married. The day was one of the impossible ones of this week, rain alternating with cloudy intervals, and only the most perfect arrangements making enjoyment possible. The cathedral was beautifully decorated and lighted for the bridal, an arch and gates of purple lilac separating the reserved seats half way down the aisle, clusters of the same flowers being fastened with soft bows of pale green ribbon on the doors of the pews. The chancel was completely banked with white lilacs and palms, which formed a lane from the steps to the altar-railing and hid the desks, while huge palms were arranged in and about the pulpit. Dr. Ham played softly for some time before the bride arrived, and when she entered, a little procession of two pages, two flower maidens and three bridesmaids, led by four ushers, Dr. F. Watt, Dr. A. Davies, Mr. S. Trees and Mr. Norman Toivell, came from the vestry to meet her at the floral gates. The little pages, Gordon MacKenzie and Eric McMichael, swung the gates wide and held them open while the bride and her cousin and escort, Mr. Edward Bidwell, and the maid-of-honor passed through. Then the little fellows followed the bride's procession, looking very demure and important in white pages' suits and Napoleon hats, with sashes and rosettes of lilac lace, the tint of the wedding floral decorations. Miss Reynolds was the daintiest of little brides, her perfect carriage and girlish beauty uniting with her exquisite Princess robe of white Duchess satin sewn with seed pearls, and bolero of rare lace, and her veil hemmed with pearls, to form a picture of unusual loveliness. A standing coronet of orange blossoms and a shower bouquet of roses and lily of the valley with strands of ferns completed the bride's toilette, and her jewels were pearls and diamonds, the groom's gift. To such a pretty bride were added charming bridesmaids, Miss Mabel Lemox, Miss Lucille Graham and Miss Isabel Watt, cousin of the bride, three girls whose youthful and radiant faces were never prettier than under their dainty light hats. Miss Hazel Ford of Northfield was maid-of-honor in a shirred lilac *mousseline de soie* dress, hat of Napoleon with trimmings of lilacs and narrow lace, and a bouquet of purple lilacs. The maids wore pale green *mousseline de soie* with hats to match, and carried white lilacs with sashes of pale green. A pair of fairies, about four years old, Madeline Williams of Oshawa and Claire Beattie Nesbitt of Toronto, in *point d'esprit* and lace frocks and shirred poke bonnets with *brides* of tulle, carried baskets of white lilacs, and the groom left the cathedral and, followed by the bridal party and the guests, drove to Mrs. Reynolds' home in Elm avenue, where a reception was held. Mrs. Reynolds, beautifully gowned in palest blue, with handsome lace, and hat trimmed with Beauty roses, receiving at the door of the drawing-room and the bridal party grouped before the bay window, where a huge horseshoe of white lilacs, "turned up to keep the luck from running out," hung above the bride and groom, while garlands of lilacs festooned the window. An orchestra played in the hall, and two rooms upstairs were devoted to the wedding gifts, some of which were obviously not even thus to be displayed, numbers of the house being which the reception was given, an auto-car and such like "trifles." The *déjeuner* was set in a marquee connected with the verandah by a snug corridor of red and white canvas, through which the guests passed snug and dry to the marquee. Chairs and tables and a long buffet furnished with delicious things were soon reached and one of the nicest *déjeuners* of the season was done justice to. The bride changed her gown for a smart little chequer taffeta suit, over which she wore a long cream silk traveling cloak, and a cream straw hat, banked behind with pink roses, and Mr. and Mrs. Moore left for their honeymoon in New York on the 5.20 train, showered with confetti and followed by heartfelt love and good wishes. Some of the family party at the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Williams of Oak Lawn, grandparents of the groom; Mrs. Moore, his mother; Mrs. Lenner and Mrs. Lockhart Watt, aunts of the bride; Mr. and Mrs. Williams of Oshawa, Mr. Watt. The groom's gifts were pearl brooches to the bridesmaids, scarf-pins to the best man and ushers, bangle bracelets to the wee flower girls, and signet rings to the little pages.

Professor Mavor is spending the summer in England. Professor Lang has returned to Toronto, and was looking very well indeed at the Races last week. Miss Allayne Jones is home from New York on a vacation and is with her parents in Elmley place. Since the death of the late Mr. William Stitt, the following circular has been issued: TORONTO, May 31, 1905. Dear Madame,—We are sure you will hear with deep regret of the death of the head of our firm, Mr. William Stitt, who passed away after a very short illness on Friday last, the 26th inst. We wish to advise you that the business which has been carried on so successfully, will be continued under the same management. We thank you for your kind patronage in the past and trust you will still favor us with your support in the future. In every instance your commands shall have our most careful and prompt attention. Yours respectfully, Wm. Stitt & Co.

FIT FOR A PRINCE

Codou's French Macaroni
Codou's French Vermicelli

The finest quality made—ask your grocer for it
All best Dealers sell it

COWAN'S

Milk Chocolate
Medallions

Croquettes
Wafers, etc.

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Dainty and Pure Confections

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TORONTO

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NOW PREVAILING AT THIS STUDIO ON ALL REGULAR LINES OF FINE PHOTOGRAPHS WILL, ON AUGUST 26TH, ADVANCE FROM 25 TO 30 PER CENT.

FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF my amateur friends uptown, I have at the studio the best amateur supplies, including some very swaggy little cameras.

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Studio:
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Invisible Rouge

preserves the skin from discoloration, imparts freshness to the cheek and never fades. It is washed off only with soap and water and contains no injurious ingredients. It can also be used for the lips and nails. Price 25c. a bottle postpaid. For test, cover postage, we send you booklet "A" and a sample of our celebrated Shampoo Powder.

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Every premium you pay this company is simply a deposit to your credit, just as it would be in a bank.

Funds all invested in non-speculative Canadian Securities.

If you take out a 20 year endowment policy, you get back all the money you pay in with interest.

And your life has been protected all this time.

Write us giving age at next birthday and we will explain cost of such a policy.

HEAD OFFICE - WATERLOO, CAN.

We have just received a shipment of
Soft White Shirts
that are worth your attention.

Cotella, Aertex and Silk Mercerized
\$1.00 \$1.50 \$2.00

WREYFORD & CO.,
25 King St. West.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Postal Station" Toronto, Ont., will be received at this office until Tuesday, June 20, 1905, inclusively, for the construction of Postal Station "F" Toronto, Ont. Plans and specification can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department and on application to H. K. Hamilton, Esq., Resident Engineer Examining Works, Toronto, Ont. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent. (10 p.c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for if the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order
FRED GELINAR,
Secretary.
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, May 27, 1905.
Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department, will not be paid for it.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
This has been used by millions of Mothers for their children while teething for over fifty years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.



are unequalled for fine quality and artistic decoration. We ship them safely by express to all parts of the Dominion. Safe arrival guaranteed. Catalogue Free.

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CHARGE—Thirty words or less, 25 cents. Every additional word, 1 cent. For minor matters, which may be briefly worded, a charge of 10 cents for ten words will be made.

PRIVATE NUMBER—When subscribers do not wish their addresses published they may request us to attach a number to the announcement, and all replies will then be addressed under cover to that number at our office, and forwarded by us free.

GOOD DRIVING HORSE WANTED for its keep. Best of kind care and only moderate use. References given. Business B30, SATURDAY NIGHT.

LADY wishes position at summer resort as partial housekeeper, to receive and entertain guests. Apply Housekeeper, Business C4, SATURDAY NIGHT.

FOR SALE—Collection of 200 copper coins and tokens, many old Canadian; cheap for cash. Business A20, SATURDAY NIGHT.

OFFICE FURNITURE—A letter file, 8 drawer cabinet, for sale cheap. Apply SATURDAY NIGHT office.

Prescriptions

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Yonge and Carlton Streets.



Bear In Mind

that vision that is below normality is the cause of headaches that would cease were the cause removed.

Consult us.

The Culverhouse Optical Co.,
Limited
6 Richmond Street East
CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING, Toronto.
Phone M. 4856.

DON'T

1. go away without a jar of Liola Cream.
2. forget a tube of Lee's Antiseptic Tooth Paste.
3. use any but the best soap. Try Hudnut's.
4. travel without a box of Huyler's Candies
5. neglect writing to us for anything you may require when away.

W. H. LEE,
King Edward Drug Store

Summer Weddings

catered for with a skill that delights everybody. Our handsome Wedding Cakes are noted for their perfect excellence.

May we serve you?

COLES'

Experienced Caterers

719 Yonge Street
Tel. 2004.



Before You are Married

You want, of course, to look your sweetest and best on your wedding day. Do you look and feel tired because of necessary preparations, making, perhaps, a few lines or wrinkles? Will you accept a suggestion? Have a few

FACE TREATMENTS

(The Kind We Give)
The result will be a clear, fine complexion, refreshed and good to see, glowing cheeks and a happy look. You won't be "made up," but perfectly natural.

Manicuring, Chiropractic, Scalp Treatments, Etc.
Superior Hair Dressing, etc., run over for you by E. Crockett. Send call or phone M. 1665 for book.

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THE IDEAL HAIR BRUSH

The best brush made. Pure bristles on an air cushion, so it does not irritate the scalp and promotes the growth of the hair.

Price from \$1 to \$3. For sale by
L. A. STACKHOUSE,
105 King Street West



INVITATIONS were out at midweek to the marriage of Miss Margherita Edmé Murray, eldest daughter of Mr. James P. Murray of Ravelston, Rosedale, and Mr. Duncan Joseph McDougald. The ceremony will take place in Our Lady of Lourdes Church, Sherbourne street, at half-past ten o'clock, on Wednesday, June 28, and will be followed by a reception at Ravelston.

The marriage of Miss Alice Sibyl Milligan and Mr. F. Nicholls Kennin took place on Wednesday morning at seven o'clock in St. Thomas's Church, Rev. Father Davenport officiating.

Mrs. Worthington of Huron street gave an informal tea on Tuesday in honor of Mrs. Jack Gilmour, nee McDougald, one of the brides of this spring. Mrs. Gilmour looked her prettiest, and was much admired. Mrs. George MacBeth, Miss Meta MacBeth and the Misses Baldwin assisted, the tea-table being prettily decorated with white flowers and ferns. Mrs. Percy Maule, another bride, was among the guests, looking very dainty in a smart frock.

A wedding which has been much looked forward to took place in Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, on Wednesday, when Miss Evelyn Mackenzie, second daughter of Mrs. Hector Mackenzie of Montreal, became the bride of Mr. Lissant Beaudre, eldest son of Mr. Walter Beaudre of Toronto. All the arrangements for this notable event were carried out in private, and the result was of considerable distinction. The robe des noces was of white Liberty satin, with trimmings of exquisite lace, the orthodox veil and orange blossoms, and bouquet of lily of the valley and roses. Mr. Gordon Mackenzie, brother of the bride, brought her in and gave her away. The attendant maids were Miss Alice Shaughnessy, Miss Anna Morrice, Miss Kate Reford and Miss Estelle Holland. Miss Sally Stephen, niece of Lord Mount Stephen, was maid of honor, and the little nieces of the bride, Martha, Gwen and Anna Allan, daughters of Sir Montagu and Lady Allan, were flower maidens. It was a "white" wedding, touches of pink roses on the chapeaux and in the bouquets of the maids being the only relief. Mr. Charles Beaudre, brother of the groom, was best man. The cathedral was elaborately decorated with daisies, roses and green, and the couple were married under an arch of daisies from which hung a bell of white roses, garlands of lilacs, roses and foliage being festooned on all sides. Lieutenant-Colonel Stinson, R.G., of Toronto, Mr. Dudley Oliver, Mr. Donald Hingston, Mr. Angus Macdonald, Mr. Jacob Watson and Mr. Travers Allan were the ushers. Archbishop Bond, assisted by Rev. Dr. Symonds and the full choir, performed the service, after which a very elegant reception was held at Mrs. Mackenzie's home in Sherbrooke street. A number of friends and relatives went down from Toronto for the event, among whom was the groom's sister, Mrs. Charles Kingsmill, who arrived in Canada a few days ago for the marriage.

The mournful visits of "the Reaper whose name is Death" have been frequent to our social circles this week. Particularly sad and regretted was the death, after long invalidism, of Mrs. Lamport, a beloved wife and mother, to whose bereaved family many tender thoughts and words of sympathy are sent. Mr. and Mrs. Neelands of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Bendelari of Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Bruce of Newmarket, and their unmarried sister, Miss Lizzie Lamport, were together for the sad laying away of the loved mother. The funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon.

Venerable Archdeacon Boddy, who recently fell ill, died on one day this week at his home in Winchester street, at the age of 79, leaving a widow, one daughter, Mrs. Lapham of New York, and one son, now on the West African coast, to mourn his loss. The Archdeacon was rector of St. Peter's so long that his ministrations have extended during the entire lives of many of the parishioners, whom he baptized, married and buried. He was one of the old school, and his death removes almost the last of those fine old clergymen from the City of Churches.

Mrs. Risley, the sweet old lady, mother of Mrs. Prince, died this week, after a tedious and trying illness, at her daughter's home in Spadina road. Sincere sympathy is sent to Mrs. Prince in her bereavement by hosts of friends.

Mrs. Wragge's illness had taken a serious turn at time of writing. She has been very ill, indeed, for some time.

Mrs. Andrew Smith gave a farewell tea for Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong Black, to which their intimate friends were bidden, and which was a very delightful reunion, however much the unwelcome thought would intrude that it was one of the last of such for the guests of honor and those who love them best. People came early and stayed late, loth to say one of the many good-bys which are being said to Dr. and Mrs. Black. Mrs. Smith held her little court in a corner of the drawing-room, and Miss Phemie received in her stead, the gentle hostess being unequal to such a fatigue. A cosy fire (on June 7, blazed on the hearth, and in the dining-room a pretty tea-table trimmed appropriately with forget-me-nots, was waited on by Mrs. A. P. Burritt, Miss Clark and one or two others. A few of the guests were: Miss Mortimer Clark, Lady Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Walter S. Lee, Mrs. Herbert Mowat, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Major Robertson, the Misses Michie, Miss Christie, Mrs. Tom Clark, Mrs. John Carruthers, Miss Carruthers, Mrs. D. W. Alexander.

Mr. T. Lee and Miss Ethel Lee have gone to England.

Mrs. John Meredith received at Chief Justice Sir William Meredith's home on Monday and Tuesday afternoons, the first day being pouring wet and the second beautifully fine. Mrs. Meredith wore her bridal dress and looked very sweet and gracious; Mrs. Hellmuth, her mother, received with her, in a delicate green robe de chambre and toque to match, and Mrs. Ramsay, sister-in-law of the bride, and Mrs. Harry Gamble, poured tea and coffee in the dining-room, where Miss Phyllis Hellmuth, Miss Darling and one or two others waited on the visitors. Lady Meredith was visiting relatives in London. On Tuesday, Chief Justice Sir William Meredith came in about six, and several of the young men of the bridal party of last month called the same day, as well as shoals of ladies.

A very handsome silver tea-set of Queen Anne pattern was presented by the president and directors of the Ontario Jockey Club to Mr. and Mrs. Fraser on one afternoon last week. This well-merited acknowledgment of their devotion to the club and its patrons and guests was a very happy thought, and everyone was delighted with it. The pretty little wife of the popular secretary was particularly pleased and proud of her handsome present, and received many hearty assurances that it was less than she deserved.

The tragic and sudden death in Montreal of Miss Osla Clouston, who returned from England last Friday and died while dressing for dinner the same night, shocked and deeply grieved her friends in many cities, and nowhere was it more deplored than in Toronto. The Misses Clouston have, since their debut two seasons ago, been here, there and everywhere in the gay world, and always popular and welcome. Very much sympathy is sent to her mother and sister, who were just home from England with her, and to her father, who remained abroad. This sudden catastrophe put a sad damper on many festivities en train for the Mackenzie-Beardmore wedding, at which Miss Clouston and her sister were to have been bridesmaids, and only at Mrs. Clouston's earnest and thoughtful request was the ceremony carried on as pre-arranged.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Pearson and their family left for England this week.

The Church of the Epiphany, Parkdale, was the scene of a very pretty wedding on Wednesday afternoon, when Miss Amy Charlton Wedd, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Wedd, jr., was married to Mr. John Weston Turpin of Medicine Hat, second son of Mr. James Turpin of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Bernard Bryan, rector

of the church, and Mr. M. LeClerc Atkinson, cousin of the bride, presided at the organ. The church was tastefully decorated by girl friends of the bride. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a handsome gown of embroidered net over taffeta, and a beautiful bridal veil of Limerick lace, and carried a shower bouquet of roses and lily of the valley. She was attended by her sister, Miss Eleanor Wedd, who was dressed in apple green silk and a large Tuscan hat with pink roses, and carried white lilacs. The best man was Mr. James Turpin, jr., brother of the groom. At the close of the ceremony, a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents in Jameson avenue.

In consequence of two weddings being followed by receptions on the same street, some guests, strangers to the bride's family, got mixed a bit, and were driven to the wrong house, discovering their mistake after they had greeted the hosts and found the groom a stranger.

The marriage of Mr. Godfrey Edward Spragge, eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. E. W. Spragge of 206 Beverley street, and Miss Jessie Waldie, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Waldie of Glenhurst, Rosedale, took place at Westminster Presbyterian Church at three o'clock on Wednesday, in the presence of a limited number of guests. The church was lavishly decorated, the reading-desk in the center being almost hidden under white lilacs and flanked on either side with huge palms. The full choir sang *The Voice that Breathed O'er Eden* as the bridal party came up the aisle, and also sang several times during the service, while Mr. Hewitt, the organist, played suitable music throughout. Rev. John Neil, pastor, performed the ceremony. The bride was given away by her father and attended by five bridesmaids, Miss Mollie Waldie, Miss Beatrice Spragge, sister of the groom, Miss Sophie Hagarty, Miss Gladys Nordheimer, and her little niece, Miss Kathleen Temple. Mr. Dudley Hagarty was groomsmen, and the ushers were Messrs. Fred Waldie, Percy Waldie, Bertie Cassels, Harold Morris, Harry Wylie and Howard Ridout. The wedding robe was of white Duchess satin, the skirt opening over a petticoat of accordion-pleated chiffon, and held together by a large bow knot of satin. The whole yoke, bertha and sleeves were composed of Duchess and rose point lace, and the costume was completed by a tulle veil and orange wreath. The bouquet was a shower of lilies of the valley. The bridesmaids wore pale pink *crêpe de Chine*, shirred and box-pleated, with fichus of cream lace, and cream lace hats trimmed with pink roses. They carried old-fashioned nosegays of Canadian Queen roses, edged with maidenhair fern and tied with bunches of narrow pink ribbon. After the ceremony Mrs. Waldie held a reception at Glenhurst. The hostess wore white flowered muslin, pink tulle hat, and carried a beautiful bunch of pink sweet peas. Mrs. Charles Temple, nee Waldie, was in pink mousseline and lace hat with pink roses; Miss Waldie in *bisque* voile and lace hat; Miss Lily Waldie wore grey *crêpe de Chine* and pale blue tulle hat; Mrs. Spragge, mother of the groom, reseda silk trimmed with cream lace and hat to correspond; Mrs. George Harman, aunt of the groom, wore black silk grenadine over white, and black and white toque. The house was embowered with pink roses, palms, and asparagus ferns. Mr. and Mrs. Spragge left on the 5.20 train for a short honeymoon, after which they will settle in Ottawa. The bride traveled in a dress of fawn voile with Russian blouse and lace collar, and a straw hat with lilacs.

The annual meeting of the Protestant Orphans' Home was a very interesting and enjoyable one. Canon Cayley took the chair. The children, who are trained by Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman, sang beautifully and did their kind instructress great credit.

One of the many weddings to take place during the present month will be that of Miss Marjorie Morrison, daughter of the late Mr. Angus Morrison, to Mr. James Walker of the Imperial Bank of Canada. The ceremony will take place at St. Simon's Church at half-past eleven o'clock on Monday morning next.

Senator and Mrs. Kerr have issued invitations to the marriage of their daughter, Miss Edith Myra Kerr, and Mr. Donald Walter Macdonald, which takes place on Wednesday, June 28, at three o'clock, in St. Peter's Church, Cobourg, with a reception afterwards at "The Maples," Senator Kerr's home.

The marriage of Miss Dora M. Dowler and Mr. Louis E. Bowerman has been arranged to take place in Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, Toronto, on June 21, at eleven o'clock in the morning.

The marriage of Miss Annie Boyce, only daughter of Mr. John Boyce, and Mr. Thomas Edward Hough, was celebrated quietly owing to the recent death of Mrs. Boyce, at the home of the bride's father, 614 Manning avenue, Mrs. A. C. Waggoner of Kingston, an aunt of the bride, acting as hostess. Rev. E. N. Baker officiated. Miss Willa Waggoner and Miss Maud Adair were bridesmaids and Mr. David Hough was best man. The bride wore cream *voile de soie*, with lace, and shirred ribbons, and carried roses and lily of the valley. Miss Waggoner was in dotted *mousseline* with lace and ribbons, and carried white and pink carnations. Miss Adair wore pale green *voile de soie* and carried pink roses. Mrs. Waggoner wore white mohair grenadine striped and trimmed with heliotrope. Mr. and Mrs. Hough left for Buffalo after the ceremony and will make their home with Mr. Boyce on their return from their honeymoon. The bride travelled in a black grenadine and silk costume and a wide hat of fluted black ribbon. Mrs. Hough and Miss May Hough, Mr. John McLellan, grandfather of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pradhomme and their little son Douglas, Miss McLellan and Mr. Edward Boyce were at the wedding. The groom's gift to the bride was a handsome piano, and to the best man a locket and chain.

The marriage of Miss Laura Adelaide Ames and Rev. Lionel John Robert Naftel of Rothsay will take place on June 21 in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. the Misses Bedloe of Chicago are spending June in Toronto. They are at the King Edward.

Mrs. Innes-Taylor sang beautifully at Miss Veals' reception last week.

The camp at Niagara next week will be brightened by the usual festivities, of which the tea by the officers of the Governor-General's Body Guard, with Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton Merritt as host in chief, will be, as always, a smart event. It is on for next Saturday, June 17, and several dances at the Queen's Royal are also being arranged.

Captain James Elmsley and Captain Louis Le Duc are back from the course at Kingston, which they have been taking for some weeks.

Eighteen Hours Between New York and Chicago by "20th Century Limited," and the New York Central and Lake Shore Railways.

At a conference of the managers of the New York Central lines Tuesday, all lines being represented by their general managers and passenger officials, it was decided, beginning with the regular summer change, Sunday, June 18, to quicken the speed of the "Twentieth Century Limited," so as to make the time between New York and Chicago 18 hours, instead of 20 hours, the New York Central lines having made the 20-hour time during the past three years, and having also made the run between New York and Chicago in 20 hours with their "Exposition Flyer" for the 180 days of the Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893, twelve years ago. The New York Central lines make point that the New York Central has had in service the "Empire State Express," which has been the fastest train in the world for its distance, 440 miles, for fourteen years, having held the world's record for that time, and for three years and one hundred and eighty days having held the world's record for a thousand-mile train in 20 hours. The proposed schedule of 18 hours is simply the extension of the time of the "Empire State Express" through from Buffalo to Chicago, the time having been made for fourteen years between New York and Buffalo. At the same time the "Lake Shore Limited" will be quickened by an hour and will make the time from Chicago to New York in 24 hours instead of 24, leaving Chicago at 5.30 p.m. by the Lake Shore, arriving in New York at 5.30 by the New York Central. The "South-Western Limited," train No. 11, which now leaves Grand Central Station at 1.00 p.m., will begin June 18, leave 2.04 p.m., saving one hour or one hour and a half on the present journey to St. Louis and Cincinnati.



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serviceable and pretty, can be worn at all times.

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Beginning a Chest of Household Silver for the Bride

Among the most artistic designs in sterling flatware are the King Edward, Gadroon, Queen and Bead patterns.

A set of 84 pieces in the latter design—cased in a quarter-cut oak cabinet—may be had for \$118.50.

In years to come, this June's bride may add as desired to her wedding cabinet—for each of these patterns, being made at Diamond Hall's own factories, will always be available to its customers.

Ryrie Bros., Yonge Street.

The Marshall Sanitary Mattress



The Best Mattress Made

Because—

It cannot sag. Is always soft. Conforms to and rests the body at all points.

CLEAN.—Ventilation keeps it sweet and wholesome inside. Write for particulars.

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This Excellency the Governor General

The Price of Diamonds
The price of Diam. in Toronto depends largely upon the number of profits put upon them between the cutter and the consumer. In the ordinary way, coming as they do from cutter to broker, from broker to wholesaler and from wholesaler to retailer, the price is necessarily high. We go personally to Amsterdam and buy direct from the cutters, thus saving all intermediate profits, and we also have the world's diamond supply to choose from. This and the fact that we personally guarantee each stone are reasons why you're safe in purchasing here.
Safe for quality, safe for price.
Our special diamond at \$100.00 would interest you. It is mounted in an 18k gold ring.

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The Corset Specialty Co.
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1st Floor over Singer Office.
Manufacturers of Corsets and Health Waists made to fit the figure by expert designers. Light weight with strong, pliable boning. Hose supporters attached.
Imported Corsets always in stock. Repairing and refitting of any make of corsets neatly done.
RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.



Outing Shoes

Seashore—Up the Lakes—Down the Lakes, or just plain rustication.

Wherever you go it will pay you to take along a pair of our

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Superannuated

By JAMES LINCOLN

THE June sunshine was glistening on the towering masses of oak leaves, whose shadows patched the rustic little lawn, when Professor Lane stepped from his cottage door, and bared his head in reverent salutation of the beauty of the world. The head thus bared was white, but it was not until the last few days that Professor Lane had been pointed out as the senior professor in Milton University. The professor of mineralogy had been the one to tread at the heels of the dean in the Commencement procession, but yesterday a new grave in the white city on the hill had received its tenant, and Andrew Lane had succeeded to that uncoveted first place in the professorial line.

The strangest thing about it was that he felt younger than ever. It was not that he had grown old. To be sure, his body, mere mortal machine that it was, no longer seconded the impulses of his spirit. The sparkling foliage delighted him as in boyhood, but those elastic limbs that used to climb so eagerly into its midst—the rheumatic old professor heaved just the least beginning of a sigh.

But, rheumatism or no, he bustled about his diminutive estate with his accustomed morning energy, his red Irish setter, Cuchullin, affectionately getting in his way as much as possible. There was the bird bath, a natural basin in the granite ledge that flanked the lawn, to be put in order for the day's business, and a thriving business it was in mid-summer. On the previous afternoon, the professor had counted, in one hour, over a score of birds—robins, orioles, bluebirds, chipping sparrows, and warblers of several varieties—coming to dip their warm little bodies in this shallow reservoir. So he was not surprised to find the water several shades darker than crystal, and, nodding assurance to the importunate blue jay watching from a branch above, he fetched an old broom from an outside angle of the house, at the back, and swept the puddle, so far as sweeping would do it, from the basin. But still a few dusky pools lingered in cracks and corners, defying the dabs of that distracted broom, whose splintered straws stuck out in all directions, and the professor succumbed, as usual, to the first temptation of the day. Casting a furtive glance toward the kitchen window, he hurriedly dived behind a clump of barberry bushes and drew from its hiding-place, always the same, Norah's mop, immaculately washed and dried. With those long and decent tresses he scrubbed the granite till it shone again. And then, as always, Norah caught him at it.

"The Lord look down on the poor!" wailed a dolorous voice from the pantry window—the professor invariably forgot that his movements could be overlooked from the pantry as well as from the kitchen—"And is it poor Norah's clane mop ye must be taking for your dirty hole in the rock?"

Andrew Lane had learned, in the course of a long pedagogical experience, to have convenient attacks of deafness. One of these befell him now, while he moulded a bit of wax into the leak of a broken-nosed watering-pot, long since retired from the regular service, filled it at the hose faucet, and emptied it again into the bird bath, on whose edge the impatient blue jay alighted as he turned away.

"Mother o' Mercy!" Norah went wailing on. "Now the Lord save us! It's kaping a boarding-house for the birds we must be all the winter, with a

chunk o' suet here and a bag o' walnuts there, and then our iligant bathing establishment in the summer. O saints and angels!"

And Norah's plaint trailed off into long, wild laughter. Norah had been, in her own parlance, "away," ever since her only sister, to whom, after years of working and saving, she had joyfully sent the passage money from Ireland to America, was lost in one of the great ocean disasters. The one point on which town and university had been for thirty years agreed was that Professor Lane ought to put his crazy servant into an asylum. But she had loved his bride, the white rose whose lingering fragrance still made his heart a garden of romance, and as long as Norah kept fresh flowers beside that smiling portrait upon his study table, the professor of Greek would have accounted mad all the world who had forgotten to lament his Clara before he would have believed it of Norah who remembered.

There were malicious tongues in the university which said that the reason the professor remained unaware that his domestic had an addled brain was not far to seek. His absent-mindedness furnished material for one of the longest books in the Faculty Apocrypha handed down by word of mouth from class to class. And, after all, it was Crazy Norah who saved him from adding another and peculiarly grotesque chapter to this very morning.

After his piazza breakfast—a slice of melon, a dish of cereal, a cup of coffee—Professor Lane ran, or, rather, attempted to run, his fingers through his hair. It was a lifelong gesture with him, significant of a course of action determined upon, and he had not, in these later years, accustomed himself to the surprise of finding so little hair where so much used to be. Discomfited, he dropped his hand, patted Cuchullin, and addressed Norah with the dignity of one who covers a mistake.

"I am now going over to Professor Andrews' house."

"Oh, and it's in his long home he is, poor man. The Lord reseave his soul!" And Norah laughed.

"By the terms of the will—I was in his confidence, Norah—there is to be a public sale of all his goods for the benefit of the university."

"Mother o' Moses! And what will the university be wanting of his old pans and kettles?"

"His colleagues are invited to choose for themselves, in advance of the auction, personal souvenirs."

"Lord love ye, sir! Get one o' them things, do. We're out."

"I, as his oldest colleague, have the first choice."

"Be shure ye pick out the best quality."

"And it seems to me, on the whole, most appropriate that I should ask for his academic cap and gown."

Norah gasped.

"It is true," continued the professor, with his classroom manner, "that I regard the gown as worn in our American institutions of learning as a ridiculous affectation. A survival of monastic dress as it is, it may be no unfitting garb for a scholar under the Gothic shadow of an Old World foundation, but to foist it capriciously and artificially upon our infant colleges, a dress notably unsuited to our climate, environment, and tradition—well, well! Professor Andrews was older than I, two years older, and my senior in appointment by three, yet he gave way and bought a cap and gown, and wore them at the president's inauguration, and I think it now becomes me to subdue my prejudice to his example. Yes, I will ask for his cap and gown, and wear them this Commencement."

Norah did not ordinarily permit her master to indulge uninterrupted in so long a monologue, but on this occasion her eyes were fixed in a ghastly stare. It was not until the professor had taken his hat and cane, and was moving down the gravel walk, Cuchullin's nose snuggling beseechingly into his hand, that Norah found breath to scream:

"Mother of God, sir! Don't ye do it. Don't ye do it. It's ill luck to be stripping the dead o' their grave-clothes, and—Mary save us from the Paint!—him coffined but yisterday."

The professor stopped short. Ah, true enough. He saw again the wasted form as it lay in its unaccustomed bed of flowers, there below the altar in the university church, with the stalwart young bearers waiting at foot and head. Professor Andrews had been buried in his academic gown. "Surely," thought the professor of Greek, shaking his white head sadly, "surely I am beginning to grow forgetful."

But he had not forgotten that this was the day when electives were due. Precisely on the stroke of nine, Professor Lane entered his study, opened his desk, dusted it with his pocket handkerchief, and laid out upon a new saffron writing-pad a very long strip of carefully ruled paper. For the next three hours it would be his duty to examine into the qualifications and register the names of students applying for admission to his classes of the ensuing college year.

"Norah," called the professor cheerily, "I expect a number of callers this morning, young gentlemen of the university. Please have lemonade ready and iced raspberry shrub. It's a hot walk across the campus."

"Our Lady of Sorrows!" shrieked Norah with ready agitation, as she hastened to the refrigerator. "It's melted into butter they'll be, and mother's sons ivery one of them. The Lord look down in mercy!"

The professor waited. His gentle blue eyes roved lovingly from one to another of the high, black walnut bookcases set around his study walls—old-fashioned bookcases, which he had picked up, one by one, at some twelve dollars apiece, in the auction-rooms of the neighboring city. His Homeric library was here, his collection of Greek dramatists; there, the

orators and historians were grouped together. In less honored position stood the case of Greek grammars, dictionaries, and reference books. Most precious, because most personal, were the contents of the tallest and grimmest of all these tall, grim bookcases, the one which he had inherited from his father's country parsonage. His father's worn Greek Testament was here, with Plato, and the *Lyric Anthology*, and Theocritus—all nearer and sweeter than any living friends to the professor's peaceful heart. On the top shelf stood a row of plump little volumes in faded blue and gold—the set of American poets which his girl wife had prized as the best of her wedding gifts. How like a silver bell her voice would ring out as she read the spirited ballads of Whittier to him of an evening during their first—their only—winter! And while that voice still sounded in his ears, the clock struck ten.

Professor Lane sprang to his feet, and looked into the broad white face of his timepiece incredulously. Ten o'clock? And no students yet? He stepped to the window. The gravel walk was empty save for Cuchullin, who, at sight of the countenance in the casement, flopped over on his back, waving his four paws in air as an entreaty for his master to come out and pat his breastbone. The professor was more startled than he would have liked to own, even to Cuchullin. He returned to his chair and waited, questioning within himself the wisdom of the elective system. During his first years in the university, every student was obliged to take Greek, to drink from the primal fountain of culture, and feel the molding and transforming touch of "the humanities." Those were golden times, and it was but a silver age that followed, an age when Greek was required only in the classical course. There came, some ten years since, the great tide of innovation, the sweeping away of all prescribed, disciplinary studies, this reckless system of free electives, and, with that, such

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It certainly would not do to mix in drugs, for there is a certain failure sure to come to the person depending on drugs to digest food. They may do for a temporary expedient, but pure food and digestible food is the only final resort and safe way. So to change the remaining starch part and prepare the other elements in this blended flour it is made up into massive loaves like bread, the inside being dark cream color and quite sticky to the touch. These loaves are sliced and again go through long cooking at certain temperatures. Then the rock-hard slices are each one carefully inspected and ground ready for packing and use, having gone through ten or twelve hours in the different operations.

When finished, each little granule will show a sparkling substance on its surface. A magnifying glass will bring it out clearer and develop little pieces of pure dextrose sugar, not put on "or poured over" (as the head of a large Sanitarium once stated in his paper, thus exposing his appalling ignorance of food processes), but this sugar exudes from the interior of each as the starch is slowly turned to sugar in the process of manufacture. This kind of sugar is exactly like what is found in the human intestines, provided the starch of the grains, potatoes, bread, rice, cake, etc., has been perfectly digested. But many are weak in that form of digestion and yet need the starches, so Grape-Nuts supplies them pre-digested and ready to go quickly into the blood.

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largement of the university, such expansion in all departments, that a junior Greek professor was appointed to assist Professor Lane. And now he had five assistant professors in his department, assisting him so well that it began to look as if they would leave him nothing at all to do. For the clock was striking eleven, and still there had appeared not a single candidate for any one of his three advertised courses.

The professor waited. He remembered how, in June gone by, his study had been thronged on elective day, while waiting groups filled the piazza, and stood about the lawn. Why was his teaching less acceptable now, when his stores of knowledge were richer, his love for his subject more deeply passionate than ever before? But these new methods of criticism! This vast importance attached to archaeology! Yes, his classes had certainly been falling off of late years. There had been a considerable drop in his electives last June. He had wanted to talk it over with Andrews, but Andrews had been ill for eighteen months with that cruel, eating cancer. A man could not remember his own troubles in the presence of such agony as that. Poor Andrews! And such a brilliant lecturer as he had been! How short a time ago seemed when they two were cheered at an alumni banquet as the Castor and Pollux of the university, its twin stars, the "two ablest and most progressive men" upon its faculty!

The clock struck twelve. A little boy was running up the walk. Norah, a glass of iced raspberry shrub in one hand, and of lemonade in the other, hustled him into the study with joyous promptitude. The urchin pulled off his cap, wiped his sweat-beaded face with it, and handed an envelope to Professor Lane.

The senior professor of Milton University adjusted his glasses, and took the note in a hand that trembled with eagerness. Perhaps some change had been effected—many things escaped his notice nowadays—in the method of choosing courses. Perhaps the interview plan, which consumed so much professorial time—ah, not his, of late—had given place to the simpler way of presenting the electives in written form. Perhaps some arrangement had been made by which the full list was thus handed in. He smiled back to the pictured girl-face on his study table. Then the old professor unfolded an official-looking sheet of letter paper, and read a typewritten notice: "In view of the limited resources of the university, any course for which less than seven students have applied must be withdrawn from the announcements for the next calendar year."

II.

The sultry heat was growing insupportable. The professor, sitting quiet in his armchair on the piazza though he was, wiped the perspiration from his purpled face. Another moment and the storm had broken in wild and terrible beauty. The rain rushed down through the windless air in straight, unswerving lines, beating to an earward slant the broad branches of the oaks, and bringing dismay and ruin to many a frail nest-nursery. The streets and walks, just now so deep in dust, were floods of dashing water. The more distant trees grew silvery to the vision as if veiled in mist. The thunder peals broke on the ear with a suddenness so appalling, a violence so awful, that Cuchullin's red sides panted with terror, and Norah's cries rang piteously from her refuge in the cellarway.

"Oh, praise be to the Highest!" she shrieked. "Good Lord, you never killed poor Norah with your thunder yet. Don't do it now. Oh, grace of Mary! Poor Norah believes in God the Father, and Christ the Son, and in the Holy Ghost. Mercy of Heaven! Poor Norah believes in them all!"

While Cuchullin anxiously eyed the livid sky, there broke out, close on a fierce leap of lightning, such a shattering crash that the red setter, with a shamefaced look back to his master, fled into the house and crouched beside Norah on the cellar stairs.

"Now I wonder," mused the professor, watching the storm with the adoring joy of a nature-lover, "if Cuchullin fancies there is a big dog growling up there, and flashing angry eyes at him—a big dog trying to get at Cuchullin—hide away, old fellow!—and I wonder, if it comes to that, how far Norah's creed is an advance on his."

Professor Lane had been having a trying afternoon. Three of his five assistant professors had run in to announce their large electives. The man whose Aristophanes course fell just short of the number which allowed a division into two sections, with a proportional increase of salary, made voluble demands for commiseration. The other two expected repeated congratulations, a delighted interest in their success. Professor Lane's response, it must be admitted, fell a little short of the demand. Ever gentle and kindly, his sympathy was less spontaneous than usual. Only one of the men thought to ask, and that out of a half malicious curiosity, about his own electives. The old professor told the truth unflinchingly, although he knew his hearer for a coarse-grained gossip who would have the story all over the chattering college town within twenty-four hours.

He had hoped the storm would free him from more visitors, but the new president of Milton University was not a man whom common or uncommon obstacles turned from his course. The professor of Greek shivered a little as the spare, erect figure came swiftly up the gravel walk, but he hastened forward, and greeted the ominous caller with his characteristic simple courtesy.

The president touched the professor's hand with the cool, light, inexpressive touch which was the same for all the subjects, faculty or students, of his little university realm. Charles Gavotte had a wife whom he loved, children whom he fondled, early friends for whom his clasp was lingering and warm, but to the members of Milton University he meant to be, and was, merely the bloodless potentate.

"You have a snug little place here, Professor Lane," began the president, glancing carelessly about. "I wish I

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could make the clematis grow as luxuriantly over my piazza."

"I dare say the only difference is that my vines have been growing longer," replied the professor.

"Ah, yes, longer. Very much longer, I am sure. You are our senior professor now, you know—our senior professor," Cuchullin pressed against his master's knee.

The president continued easily and steadily, secure in a good conscience, for one of his first duties had been distinctly defined for him by the trustees as "the clearing out of the dead timber on the faculty."

"It seems to me, Professor Lane, that you have fairly earned a rest. Man does not live by work alone."

He had added the second sentence with a vaguely pious intention, and found something disconcerting and secular in the way Professor Lane sat pulling at Cuchullin's ears.

"I have been meaning for some time," pursued the president, "to talk over the situation with you, and the way the Greek electives have gone for next year seems to bring the matter to a head."

Professor Lane made an unexpected remark.

"I believe it was at your suggestion, President Gavotte, that every course I offer is duplicated, substantially, though not in title, by courses offered by the younger professors in the department."

President Gavotte's tone, as he replied to this man old enough to be his father, was sharp with official rebuke.

"You will pardon me for reminding you, sir, that what concerns us in this interview is the result, not the suggestion. My stratagem, if you choose to call it so, developed the following fact. Given a choice between another man's presentation, and your own, of any subject in Greek letters, the preference of our students is manifest."

"Youth calls to youth," murmured the old professor dreamily.

"Quite so," agreed the president, in a voice of less asperity. "Few men ought to teach beyond the age of forty; not one in a hundred beyond fifty. It is no secret to you that life has its successive periods of growth, full vigor, and decay. In any profession whatever, a man past sixty is practically out of the running. I should myself put the limit five years earlier."

"Sophocles wrote *Antigone* at fifty-five," remarked Professor Lane. The president made a slight gesture of impatience. He was a product of the modern scientific and engineering education, and had never wasted eyesight over Greek. He would have had more respect for *Antigone*, if, instead of a play, it had been a piston. However, the professor's words gave him his opportunity.

"I trust you are sure of your assertion," he said, "and are not depending upon old-fashioned authorities. To speak plainly, the charge is brought against you of indifference to the more recent advances in your subject. Much that was taught as fact a quarter-century ago has been reduced to fable, exploded into poetry, by the acuteness of the new scholarship. Your assistant professors are all keeping pace with the times, and are making, in one way or another, contributions to Greek philology and textual criticism. Waldron's views on the latest disputed fragment of Sappho are quoted with respect in German periodicals."

"He told you so?" queried the old professor, smiling faintly. "This afternoon, perhaps, when he carried you the report of our electives? But I will not trouble you for further explanations, President Gavotte. You have made the situation clear. There are no students for my courses; my scholarship, such as it was, has ceased to confer distinction on the university; worst of all, I am sixty-seven. You shall have my resignation by the evening mail."

President Gavotte's keen visage grew bland with gratification. "You understand, I hope, Professor Lane, that we—the trustees and I—appreciate your long term of service—highly valued service in its prime, I understand."

The professor bowed in silence. He was thinking of trustees and presidents whom he had known in the vanished years, known as friends and comrades, rendering honor for honor, and faith for faith—trustees and presidents who were men when Charles Gavotte was a baby.

But that hard-edged, authoritative voice claimed attention.

"In fact, Professor Lane, there has been some little talk, among the older and more conservative trustees, of a pension. I do not hesitate to tell you frankly that I have discouraged it. The needs of the university are so many and so pressing; the demands of the young life, for whose nurture the university was founded and exists, are so exigent—all this, taken in connection with the fact that one pension means another, until an inevitable result we get our treasury burdened with a regular pension system—all this has led me to believe that you, devoted as you have ever been to the highest welfare of this seat of learning, would be the first to reject such a proposition."

The full stop required speech from Professor Lane, who was gently rubbing his forehead under Cuchullin's chin.

"Apparently I cannot have the pleasure of being the first," he said, again smiling faintly, "but I would undertake to follow your lead and be a good second."

President Gavotte knitted his brows, but the old professor's conclusion, however perversely put, was satisfactory.

"And then, as I reminded the trustees," proceeded the president, who had inherited a fortune, "there is really no necessity for a pension in your case. You have not, I am aware, children upon whom to lean—"

The professor's mind sped back by a sacred, tearful way to a blue-eyed baby girl, long since "a plaything in the Palace of Persophone."

"But you own your little place, I believe," continued the president suavely, "and you would undoubtedly prize—as I said to the trustees—a life of frugal independence above any grant that might seem to savor, however remotely, of charity. And yet, if you should wish it, I might suggest to a few of our wealthier alumni—"

"No, sir, you might not," interposed Professor Lane, springing so suddenly

to his feet that President Gavotte involuntarily rose also. Yet, after all, why should he stay? He had two other superannuated professors to dismiss before dinner. And there were important guests coming to dine—guests with money which, could one but wheedle it out of their pockets, might stand the university in excellent stead. Then there was his address before the Civics Club that evening on "Refinements of American Civilization." So he took the old, quivering hand again in his slack, impersonal hold, and went his way, a man remote from suffering, bent on a rigid execution of the work that it was given him to do.

And Professor Lane, sinking upon the steps of his vine-wreathed porch, took his dog's head between his palms, and looked wistfully into the troubled, worshipful eyes.

"Oh, Cuchullin, Cuchullin," he asked, in a voice between a laugh and a sob, "what does a dog do when he has had his day?"

III.

The dark, slender woman leaned forward, wrestling with her grief. Looking upon her, Andrew Lane marveled at the ancestral strength that spoke through that delicate form. She was of mighty stock and bore her weight of nearly sixty years with triumphant vitality. Not a thread of grey in the gleaming black hair, not a wrinkle on the broad white forehead. There was fire in the deep eyes; grim endurance in the thin lips; and in the stern, almost rugged jaw. The hands, exquisite though they were, suggested forceful graspings. Something vigorous, vehement, tragic, dwelt in that woman's heart and had written, for the few eyes skilled to read, its sign-manual on face and frame. The society of the little university town in general considered Miss Elva Hazleton cold and proud. Among the faculty she had friends who admired her dignity, her reserve, the clear-cut judgments that fell on appeal from her usually reticent lips. Since the death of her half-brother, Edwin Andrews, late professor of mineralogy, none were left who recognized the volcanic energies pent within that outwardly tranquil and monotonous existence. To one alone had her treasures of tenderness been revealed. She was a genius in love. Only in loving did she fully realize herself. Then she was complete, clothed with all the ermine of her nature, royal in passionate devotion. The thing, ecstatic, tormenting, that for forty years she had brooded in her heart was love. The wings of silence hid from the world warmed and cherished its growth. People saw, but the wintry wall of her. Her garden of spices was shut far within. Only once had she opened the door with invitation. In one wild hour of girlhood she had let Andrew Lane see that she loved him. He had deemed it the part of a gentleman to forget. And so, with the moonlight falling strangely upon her craving face, she leaned forward on the rustic settle, wrestling with her grief.

Professor Lane, simplest and most delectable of men, supposed that Miss Hazleton had been accidentally passing by, when, seeing him pacing his piazza in the moonlight, she had turned in to rest for a few minutes and exchange consolations with an old friend for the loss they both had suffered in the death of Edwin Andrews. They had spoken in hushed voices of his sterling virtues and his amusing foibles, finding cause for reverence in what had hitherto been cause for mirth. They had talked of his gay, engaging youth, the dash and high spirit of his early manhood, the half-

"What a Crime"

To Talk Against Coffee.

To an ambitious student an ailment that interferes with school and study is very hard to bear.

A bright young girl in Detroit who had been poisoned by coffee, is now pursuing her studies in perfect health. Probably the coffee champions feel she should have continued to suffer and kept on with the coffee, but now and then there are self-willed creatures who insist on getting well by leaving off coffee, deserting the "topers' ranks" and joining the Postum army.

"From early childhood till a year ago I was in the habit of drinking three or four cups of coffee every day."

"As I grew older, the bad effects began to show themselves, although I had no idea that it was coffee that was doing the mischief. I became very nervous, and suffered so much from severe headaches that I lost much valuable time from my school and studies. The doctor could give me no relief—he probably did not suspect the coffee any more than I did."

"One day I went to visit a friend, and the coffee that I had drunk the day before so good that I asked what kind it was, and they told me it was Postum Food Coffee. My friend said that her mother had been a nervous wreck from drinking the old kind of coffee, but had been restored to health by quitting it and drinking Postum. The whole family were enthusiastic about Postum and advised me to try it."

"I am glad they did; for it has given me back my health. At first I did not feel enough and did not like it, but we soon learned how to make it, and now we all prefer it to the old kind. I have discovered that to stir a beaten egg in the warm milk we use instead of cream gives a most delicious flavor to Postum Food Coffee."

"From the first day I began to use Postum Coffee (I quit the old kind altogether) my health began to improve. My headaches ceased on the third day and have never returned, my nervousness has completely disappeared, my brain seems invigorated and strengthened, and I am now able to study from four to five hours daily, outside of school, and feel no bad effects from it."

"My aunt was sick for five years from coffee poisoning. It was hard work to get her to give up the beverage, but when she did and began to use Postum Food Coffee, she got well almost at once, and is now enjoying fine health." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ten days' trial proves. "There's a reason."

fect cynicism, the sacrilegious grumbling against university authorities which characterized his later years. And Elva Hazleton's soul was hot with anguish because, although she had deftly turned the conversation a dozen times so as to give him opportunity, Andrew Lane had betrayed no impulse to confide in her, to bring his wound to the healing that she yearned to give, to lay his burden of humiliation upon the strength of her unvanquishable pride in him.

"Professor Lane," she said abruptly, "I want to learn Greek."

"Do you mean it?" he asked, brightly.

"I mean it," she answered earnestly. "You know I shall find myself old presently, unless I keep my courage for attempting new things. The secret of youth is adventure. I want to embark on the enterprise of the Greek Grammar."

"Good! good!" cried the professor, rubbing his palms together in momentary glee. "A little rough weather of verbs and accents, and then—ah, the enchanted isles of poetry, the mystic groves of deep philosophy, the golden fleece—"

"Not too fast!" interrupted Miss Hazleton, throwing up her hand, ivory in the moonlight, to check him. "Will you steer my Argo? Will you give me lessons? Have you time to take a private pupil?"

She had surprised him into confession. He winced, flushed to the roots of the hair that had grown so thin, and then said, with a pathetic attempt to speak lightly:

"Time enough and more. The boys do not like my work any longer. I have become a back number. So runs the world away. And—this afternoon President Gavotte asked for my resignation. I mailed it not an hour ago. Everybody will know all about it by to-morrow."

She might have told him that everybody knew all about it to-night, that, dining out, the word had come to her across the soup, and thenceforward, plate after plate had been set before her and taken away unnoted; but she let him suppose that she now first heard the news.

"I congratulate you on your liberty," she said, "but I am ashamed of the university. It is more barbarous than the Indians whose teepees used to stand where the campus is now. Painted savages, though they were, they prized the wisdom of age."

For all her effort to speak quietly, anger and grief vibrated in her voice. Professor Lane was absently watching the play of the moonshine through the leafy branches of the oaks, and she saw, with a rush of misery, the misery of helplessness, that her words carried him no comfort.

But there was one thing that she must do. She set her teeth and tried again.

"Do you know that Professor Eldridge and Professor Page have also—"

"Oh, no, no," cried their colleague of many years. "They too! Oh, no! Even Gavotte could not—why, how will they live?"

"How will you live?" asked Miss Hazleton. "How? oh, anyhow," answered the professor, disconcerted. "Dear me! Everybody will say that I ought to have put by money."

"Not people who know what paltry salaries the university pays its professors—salaries that a first-class janitor would refuse. Not people who know the cost of books and learned periodicals. Not people who know how many subscription lists you have headed, how many alumni you have entertained, how many poor students you have aided, how many—"

"Please!" begged the old professor, blushing crimson. "Please!"

He should never retreat her in vain. She was silent. And he presently began to speak again, in apologetic fashion:

"Of course, if Clara and the baby had lived—his late son-in-law, tender memory—I should have contrived to make more money, to save more. But when it was just a question of myself—well, if I had gathered together a little to put by against the chance of a rainy day, there was always somebody at hand in present need of an umbrella. Was I to let my neighbor be drenched for fear I might get a wetting to-morrow? And this promises nothing worse than a sprinkle. I have the cottage and the bit of land, and my library is valuable. I could live for months on literary scraps from the feast of Homer. And after we have eaten up the books, we might begin on my grandmother's china that all the Commencement ladies have about."

Norah! he called cheerily to the bent, grey-haired servant, who was washing and wringing out her mop with ostentatious care beside the barberry bushes. "How does it feel to be hungry?"

"The Lord look down on the poor!" chanted Norah, as if in ritual response. But it's not as if that can tell you that. Though, sure, there was people of mine in Ireland through the famine time, but I don't remember of any of them telling me as they died of it."

"You see," said the professor, turning to Miss Hazleton with an echo of his old blithe laugh, "Norah and I are not afraid. And Cuchullin, more provident than his master, has the lawn planted full of bones against an hour of need. No, it will hardly come to hunger, but if it should, better that than the food that is begrudged. It is worse for Eldridge, with that mortgage on his house—far worse for Page, with his invalid daughter. Oh, I shall manage. I will turn gardener, and I have, at all events, money enough to buy a cow."

"A cow!" groaned Miss Hazleton. "Money enough to buy a cow, after the devoted and illustrious labor of a lifetime!"

"A cow and hens," assented the professor firmly. "Capital company, all of them. Really, I wonder that I have been content to associate with college faculties—and trustees—so long."

"I hope your cow will hook the president," breathed Miss Hazleton vengefully.

"Yes, I will turn gardener," ran on the professor, like a boy telling himself a fairy tale, "and then I can wear my old clothes every day."

A burst of student song from the campus dashed his whimsical mirth, which had almost infected his companion.

"But my work is over," he said dim-

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ply. "My work has failed. My life closes in dishonor. I am turned out of the university—much as Norah throws away a broken clothespin."

Blind tears rushed to the woman's eyes. He suffered, and she was powerless to help. She had a luxurious home, an abundant income. How gladly would she have given him her all, and sewed in a garret for the rest of her thwarted life! But the very bitterness of it lay in the fact that she had no right to give—no more right to minister to the outer need than to enter the inner sanctuary of his pain. She knew his vitality of spirit, too well to doubt that, after a little, even the shame would be transmuted into sweetness, into beauty, into triumph. She recalled the words of his own beloved Aeschylus:

"Still to the sufferer comes, as due from God,
A glory that to suffering owes its birth."

But it must be her part to stand aside and watch, from afar, his struggle and his victory. The utmost it was given her to do was to bring him a token from a love that was less than hers.

"I have something to tell you," said Miss Hazleton, crossing the shaft of moonlight, and taking a seat nearer the professor. "It is a message from Edwin."

"From Ned? Dear Ned!" murmured Andrew Lane.

"He feared that this was coming. He knew that it was only his wealth, the expectation that he would leave it to the university, which kept President Gavotte from demanding his resignation two years ago; and he knew that, so long as he lived, he protected the men next in line, yourself and Eldridge and Page. His will keeps the vow of his graduation day—that the bulk of his property, like the strength of his life, should go to his Alma Mater. But a month before he died he made a few gifts to friends who, he believed, cared for him enough to allow him that last joy. He asked me to be his messenger, after all was over."

The ivory hand passed out an envelope to the old professor. Holding the page of painful handwriting to the moonlight, he read aloud in a shaking voice:

"Dear Andy:—If Gavotte is up to any of his tricks, cut it. Make that trip to Greece you have been planning since the time of Deucalion. Start with the notion of taking a holiday, but be sure that some good work will come out of it. And don't get huffy with your old chum who has no use for money any more."

A cheque for ten thousand dollars was folded within the note. The old professor made a choking sound. Elva Hazleton turned away her face.

Poor Norah's crazy laugh from the kitchen roused them both. Miss Hazleton rose to go.

"It is hard to leave you here alone," she said impulsively.

"Thank you," replied Professor Lane, rising also, and carefully stepping across the dog sleeping at his feet. "But I have Cuchullin, who is both solitude and society, and, especially on moonlight nights, Clara seems to be here with me again."

Judge Hazleton's proud daughter smiled a grim little smile as she refused the professor's proffered escort. No, let him sit on his moon-silvered piazza and dream of Clara. His romantic faith to that dead girl—the foolish chit of a thing—had become a part of him. And Elva Hazleton loved him as he was—Atlantic Monthly.

Grocer—What is it, little girl? Little Girl—Mamma sent me for a lamp chimney, and she says she hopes it will be as strong as that last butter you sent us.

"Who's Your Tailor?"

When a man is repeatedly asked by his friends the question, "Who's your tailor?" he begins to realize that he has a tailor whose work he may well feel satisfied with. Many of the customers of Levy Bros. have informed them of late that this question is continually being put to them, together with high praise for the exceptionally fine cut of the garments that this concern are producing. Messrs. Levy Bros. commenced business a little over a year ago, just back of the King Edward Hotel, in Colborne street, and have already established for themselves a reputation that many an older firm might well feel proud of. And it is a reputation, moreover, that they well deserve—for better tailored clothes were never produced in Toronto.

Asbury Park Booklet.

Descriptive Publication issued by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company on account of the Meeting of the National Educational Association.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has just issued an attractive booklet descriptive of Asbury Park. The publication is designed to present the attractions and claims of Asbury Park as a summer seaside resort, and also to announce the reduced rate arrangements on account of the meeting of the National Educational Association, which will be held at Asbury Park July 3 to 7.

Persons desiring information concerning this popular resort may obtain a copy of the booklet by enclosing two cents in postage stamps to George W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Pennsylvania Railroad, Philadelphia, Pa.

My Lady Nicotine.

The fact that the ballet at the Alhambra in London treats of *My Lady Nicotine* leads to comparisons with the time when tobacco was first introduced into England. A study of the conditions then existing reveals the wondrous strides into general popularity which tobacco has made. Yet even in those days we find tobacco referred to on the stage, as for example in Ben Jonson's play, *The Alchemist*, wherein Captain Face says that *Abel Drucker* "lets him have good tobacco."

This remark is now quoted on the tins of Garrick Smoking Tobacco recently introduced into Canada by Lambert & Butler. The appositeness of the quotation will be readily appreciated by the smoker, for "Garrick" is the finest pipe-tobacco made. Sold by all first-class dealers, at 75 cents per quarter-pound tin.

The devil's job is so easy he would rather work over-time than get a day off.

There is a great deal of difference between loving a woman and being married to her.

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as it disinfects and preserves the teeth, hardens the gums—also good for those having false teeth.

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The Importance of Whiskers.

R. J. F. KENNEDY of Iowa is attracting renewed attention just now by his anti-whisker crusade. The worthy secretary of the Iowa State Board of Health, who wages war on beards as bitterly as more practical and more useful members of his profession fight the ravages of tuberculosis or pneumonia, has carried the contest to New York, where he is achieving as much notoriety as his heart can desire. The papers have quoted his dicta, opened their columns for the discussion of the weighty subject, and, best of all, have pretended to take him seriously. No doubt the clean-shaven face of the Iowan medico gleams with appreciation of his metropolitan reception.

Dr. Kennedy's objection to whiskers is not aesthetic or sentimental; it is pathological. He is ready to admit that a beard may improve the appearance of a face by covering natural defects, that it may guard a sensitive throat against the chilling blast, and that it may add dignity and the appearance of wisdom to features not naturally distinguished. For these and similar reasons beards have been worn from time immemorial, but the champion of the naked chin who has come out of the Middle West says that the danger lurking within them more than counterbalances all these advantages. That danger is germs. The deadly bacillus which has come to haunt modern society like a hideous obsession lurks in the flowing whisker and nestles in the close-cropped beard. And partly because doctors are fond of concealing their lower face in a hairy visor, and partly because they are most exposed, through frequenting sick chambers and operating-rooms, to the attacks of the invisible pests, doctors must be the first to aid the reform by clean-shaving themselves.

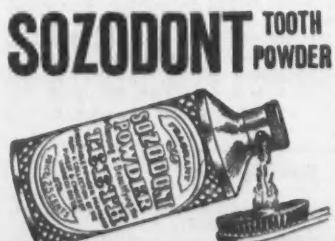
It will be interesting to note how many of the profession make sacrifice of their whiskers in response to Dr. Kennedy's appeal. An unbearded doctor is not a rarity nowadays, but the proportion of whiskered gentlemen practicing medicine is still overwhelming. Many people believe that physicians beard themselves to add to their impressiveness. No doubt this is a vulgar error, one of those absurd beliefs that became current too late for the learned castigation of Sir Thomas Browne. However that may be, the profession is

very much attached to its whiskers, and it is very likely that Dr. Kennedy will shout his slogan—"Whiskers must go!"—many, many times before they actually take their departure.

The world has always entertained peculiar illusions on the subject of whiskers. To single out one curious notion, they somehow or other have come to be regarded as the outward sign of valor. We picture the great fighters of the world as fierce-looking men bearded like the pard. The Vikings who swept the northern seas had great ropes of hair on their faces. The Huns and the Lombards and the other warriors who tumbled the Roman Empire in the dust knew no touch of razor. And so on through the centuries. The veterans who won campaigns after campaign for Frederick and Napoleon were shaggy-faced men. The relation may be entirely accidental; the look of fierceness which a beard so often imparts may have been mistaken for the quality itself. And yet a growth of hair on the face seems, in some mysterious fashion, to affect the most good-natured character. It is not many years since a scientist who has lately attained great distinction in the world of electrical invention illustrated this truth while teaching in one of the colleges. His pupils learned to gauge his humor quite accurately by studying the condition of his face. When clean-shaven he was jovial and forbearing, and discipline relaxed her stern features for a day. But when he entered the lecture-room with a black, bristly growth frowning on his face, gloomy silence and careful attention fell upon his students, for they knew his unshaven mood was dangerous. It is very probable that these pupils established a faulty relation of cause and effect. This whole notion of regarding Don Quixote as a valiant fellow may be a stupendous fallacy. Certainly it has resulted in a rude shock since the full-bearded Cossacks have gone down in defeat before the Japanese, who are either clean-shaven or very tenuously provided with whiskers. If the hirsute ornament of the masculine face has been tricking the world with an arrant fraud, the time is ripe for exposure. No one deserves credit for bravery merely because he spurns shaving-soap. The agitation of the subject started by Dr. Kennedy, with the weighty authority of the Iowa State Board of Health to back him, may not result in the sweeping reform he meditates, but if it corrects erroneous ideas on this side-issue of the matter it will not have been altogether useless.

Not Entirely Useless.

Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, the explorer, who, should Norway become independent, bids fair to be his country's President, told an American visitor an amusing story of a Norwegian girl who came to the United States. "This girl," said Dr. Nansen, "journeyed to the United States in search of employment. She was taken into a household as a cook, but failed to give satisfaction. Nearly everything she undertook ended in a failure, and finally the lady of the house asked desperately, 'Norah, is there anything you can do?' 'Yes,' responded Norah, with a grin, 'I can milk reindeer.'"



positively beneficial, deliciously fragrant, gives perfect satisfaction. Ask your dentist.

Love's Young Dream.

PERHAPS the most uninteresting period in the life of the average young person is when he or she treads the fragrant, flowery lane that leads to marriage. To the outsider who looks on with the eyes of cold indifference an engaged couple present a spectacle that is far from pleasant. Their selfishness repels, their unceasing disregard of everyone and everything except their own little romance and their own foolish selves jars the nerves and irritates the best of good humor into ill-natured remarks. They are so obviously self-satisfied, so perfectly independent of outsiders in the matter of their happiness, so firmly convinced that no two ever loved as they love, and that no life was ever as blissful as theirs is destined to be, that the most long-suffering become impatient and weary to throw just a little ice-water into the cup of their felicity.

When a maid and a youth have decided that they were destined for each other through all the ages, and that they will fulfill the decree of fate just as soon as they conveniently can, all the visible world suddenly shrinks to insignificance, and they find themselves treading the parterre of an earthly paradise hand in hand. Former friendships count for nothing, social obligations are spurned, and they sing such endless duets of joy for all mankind to hear that the sounds thereof soon come to grate harshly on disinterested ears.

This state of things usually begins some time before the formal engagement is announced. In fact, the first appearance of this condition supplies the knowledge with a hint on which they not only act but speak, and with a clue which they are quick to develop into a full knowledge of the case. It keeps on growing more acute and conspicuous until the happy pair are wedded, when they find it expedient to conceal the perfectly insane delight they take in each other's company in the comparative privacy of the honeymoon. During all this time the two are entirely useless to their friends. Their conversation is disjointed, incoherent, incoherent. Their personal appearance oscillates between extreme care (when the affinity is near) and most complete neglect (when the loved one is away). The time not spent in each other's society is consumed in the writing of notes that are preposterously long, and there is reason to suspect, preposterously silly. Then there are a certain amount of watery sighs and jealous misgivings and other proofs of affection. None of these things gratifies an outsider, and if the outsider is a friend trying heroically to retain belief in the lovers' common sense, he is hard put to it. His only consolation is that it can't go on forever.

What may be called the maximum intensity of their affection is reached while they are honeymooning. When that brief time of ecstasy is past, and they return to the old world they had deserted, society begins once more to get the benefit of their existence. The paths they have been walking take on their familiar earthy hue, the silver clouds show a little of their darker side; in fact, all things regain their accustomed look. Then, too, old friends are remembered, old ties renewed, neglected social obligations attended to. The hysteria is over; the principals in the love comedy look back on their temporary madness as on a period of delicious enchantment, but their friends remember it as a very uncomfortable experience and thank heaven that it is over.

One Change in City Life.

"What has become of the merchant who used to live over his store?" asked a business man of the head of a renting agency which has been established in this city for a half-century.

"He has either retired or is dead," was the reply. "I recall the time when a business man in renting a store asked what the arrangements were for house-keeping over the store. I was a young man then, but my father always told me to give an applicant of that sort the preference. He said he never knew a merchant who lived over his store who was not successful, and consequently a good tenant."

"The custom of merchants living over their stores has not been observed in this city for fifty years. I don't think it was ever followed to any great extent after business went above Chambers street."—New York Sun.

Feed You Money

Feed Your Brain, and it Will Feed You Money and Fame.

"Ever since boyhood I have been especially fond of nuts, and I am convinced I ate too rapidly, and failed to masticate my food properly."

"The result was that I found myself, a few years ago, afflicted with ailments of the stomach and kidneys, which interfered seriously with my business."

"At last I took the advice of friends and began to eat Grape-Nuts instead of the heavy meats, etc., that had constituted my former diet."

"I found that I was at once benefited by the change, that I was soon relieved from the heartburn and the indigestion that used to follow my meals, that the pains in my back from my kidney affection had ceased, showing that those organs had been healed, and that my nerves, which used to be unsteady, and my brain, which was slow and lethargic from a heavy diet of meats and greasy foods, had, not in a moment, but gradually, and none the less surely, been restored to normal efficiency. Now every nerve is steady and my brain and thinking faculties are quicker and more acute than for years past."

"After my old style breakfasts I used to suffer during the forenoon from a feeling of weakness which hindered me seriously in my work, but since I have begun to use Grape-Nuts food I can work till dinner time with all ease and comfort." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book *The Road to Wellville*, in each package.

A Change of Front.

"I am perfectly shameful," said Cynthia, "and he's a mean, contemptible, narrow-minded—" she paused for a vituperative word.

"Underhanded," I suggested. "No," she said reluctantly. "I must do him the credit to say he was quite open about it—much too aggressively and detestably open," she added, viciously.

"Men are brutes," I said, apologetically.

"They're idiots," she agreed, with emphasis, "and spiteful, too. Just listen, Dick," and Cynthia leant back, and, taking a morsel of dishevelled newspaper from a small satin bag, read the speech to me for the fourth—no, I mean for the fifth time of asking.

"Mr. Labouchere said that he had voted for women's enfranchisement thirty-seven years ago, and every successive year since then had made him more and more regret that vote. But he had endeavored to make up for it as a penance whenever such a Bill came forward by opposing it tooth and nail. After all, there was a difference between men and women. He did not know how it had arisen, but they were different physically and intellectually. Women could not discharge fully the duties of citizenship. . . . Women were nervous and emotional, and had very little sense of proportion. Every one knew what it was to argue with a woman. Even when convinced that she was in the wrong, she would stolidly repeat her old arguments, and she got her conclusions from the influence which some one else had over her."

"It is a good and pungent little speech," I said.

"Pah!" replied Cynthia.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Fancy saying he first voted for the women's franchise, and now he opposes it tooth and nail."

"Experience teaches," I murmured.

"Experience teaches!" said my pretty cousin, angrily.

"He's a turncoat—" here she sniffed.

"I thought only women were supposed to change their minds."

"I have known men do it," I said, gently, "especially after matrimony."

"If you're alluding to Jack," said my cousin, with a glance towards her husband's photograph, "I can only tell you that people say he's much improved."

"That's what I meant, of course," I said, with meekness.

"And he says," rejoined Cynthia, returning to the speech, "that women are emotional—what are men, I'd like to know?"

"Weak as water," I said promptly, "and I think—"

"Why shouldn't we have a vote?" interrupted Cynthia, adhering firmly to her grievance. "We work" (Cynthia scribbles for the magazines, and is a member of the Woman's Advance Club and the "New Ideas" Society) "and we pay rates, at least lots of us do, and why shouldn't we have a vote? Look at the men who vote among the uneducated yokel class who don't even understand what they are voting for, and who—"

but here I gently interposed.

"I don't think that because there are ignorant and unsatisfactory men voters, the fact of their existence makes women as a class more fitted to vote."

"No, of course you don't," said Cynthia with triumph, "because, you see, you're only a man."

"Everyone knows what it is to argue with a woman." These words from the hated speech occurred to me, but I had the wisdom not to quote them. I merely said, "I think that the way they waited for him to persuade him he was in the wrong or scratch his face showed that at least he was right in asserting they are inclined to be emotional," I said argumentatively, "but let us have some more of your reasons for desiring a vote."

"I would give you more influence," said my cousin emphatically, "and women would become a power in the land."

"Woman is a power in the land now," I asserted, "but not that sort of woman, Cynthia. It's not these advanced, intellectual, loud-voiced, 'under-dressed,' platform-speaking females who rule the world, but you soft, little, low-voiced, fluffy, feminine, *bien coiffées* angels who turn us round your little fingers."

"Pah!" said Cynthia, involuntarily putting a stray curl in its place. "Look at Queen Elizabeth; she was very advanced for her times, and clever and interesting, too, but, according to her pictures, neither particularly soft, and what you call feminine: you look how she influenced men and how they loved her, too."

"My dear girl," I said gently, "if you had the power of chopping off heads if people disagreed with you or didn't make love to you, your adherents would be many, and your admirers would be legion. The fair Elizabeth ruled the world by autocracy—not by love or personal influence."

"That's what we women want," said Cynthia, catching eagerly at my expression, without reference to its context, "we want to use the power and influence in public matters as well as private; we only want what is our due; we want to be regarded as man's equal, not his inferior, and we want to—"

"May I have a cigarette if you're going to make a speech, Cynthia?"—my apology for this interruption being that I had heard it all before.

"I am not going to make a speech," said Cynthia, sharply. "I was only going to say we want to be treated fairly."

"The franchise will make men treat you as equals, and expect you to behave as such, and they will refuse you all the little courtesies that are yours by right of femininity, and perhaps even hustle you, and—"

"They had better not," said Cynthia, and shut her pretty mouth with a very decided snap.

"Why are you so especially earnest on having a vote just now?" I asked, turning the conversation into a fresher channel.

"I want to prevent that hateful Mr. Averell getting in for Belstone, for one thing," she said.

"Really! Do you know him?"

"No, but Jack says he's an awful blackguard, and although he's on our

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side he's not fit to be in Parliament, and we are very particular up in the north about our member, and Jack says he isn't fit to represent Belstone."

"Woman gets her conclusions from the influence someone else has over her," I quoted softly.

"Not at all," said Cynthia, "only naturally I listen to what Jack says, and I've heard things on all sides about Mr. Averell, and I'm going to hear him speak to-morrow, and I shall do all I can to prevent his getting in, and I only wish we women had a vote, as no woman would vote for a man who has done the things that he has done, and I shall try and prevent his getting in, although I am not allowed to vote."

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a sixteen-page, handsomely illustrated paper published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

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Seldom, if ever, has a Toronto audience enjoyed a richer treat in amateur theatricals than the performance on Tuesday night at the Princess Theater of the Press Club's play, *A Bachelor's Romance*. It was somewhat of a surprise not only to those outside the profession, but to the scribes themselves, to find that such excellent dramatic talent lies latent in a number of Toronto pencil-pushers. The performance compares most creditably with many of the best comedy dramas produced here during the season just closed. *A Bachelor's Romance* is by no means a new play. It was written by Martha Morton and used by the late Sol Smith Russell as a vehicle for his peculiar vein of humor. Its four acts provide an abundance of comedy work, while here and there is a touch of quiet pathos. Perhaps because newspaper men presented and acted the play, newspaper critics may be accused of being unduly prejudiced in their favor, but it is no exaggeration to say that the piece suffered little, if any, in its performance by the Press Club. It was capably and intelligently interpreted. Douglas A. Paterson, in the rôle of David Holmes, the bachelor ascetic and literary critic, had the leading part, and sustained it by sane and clever acting. His characterization of the literary recluse, ignorant of the real joy that life contains when love enters into it, and the gradual change that creeps into his being by the contact with his ward, a pretty lass of seventeen, was a capital bit of acting. Robert Stuart Pigott, as *Gerald Holmes*, the bachelor's brother, a gay young man of the world, fond of wine, women and songs, acted with a native grace and an ease of manner that was a really refreshing rôle, that of a young and ambitious author spoiled by success. Fred J. L. Harrison gave a humorous interpretation of a patient and plodding writer, and J. Edgar Middleton, as *Mr. Mulberry*, a worn-out literary hack, showed that at least one dramatic critic knows something about the art. A clever bit of character acting was J. Harry Smith's impersonation of Holmes' old and faithful, yet blundering, secretary, *Martin Beggs*. The honors among the four feminine characters were rather evenly divided, Miss Ruth MacKinnon, as *Sylvia*, the bachelor's ward, being coquettishly arch in the lighter passages and not too serious in the others. Miss Alice Wallace, as *Holmes' sister*, was droll and amusing, and Miss Irene Glenning, as a type of the social slave, was faithful to the conception of the part. Miss Clementina, a Puritanical old maid, was well done by Miss Mabel Dalby. The cast, on the whole, was a well-balanced one; they read their lines not at all badly, and the performance passed off without a hitch. The staging was up to the standard of the comedy drama, *Holmes' study* being the best scene in the play. The Toronto Orchestral Club rendered excellent music. A feature of this, the first annual theater night of the Press Club, was the issuing of a neatly printed souvenir program, containing humorous short stories, sketches and poems by members of the club. The audience was a surprisingly large one and was most enthusiastic, demanding many curtain calls.

To dramatize any work of Charles Dickens must necessarily be very difficult, and it evidently was too much so for Miss Eugenie Blair and company at the Grand Opera House this week. *Oliver Twist* does not lend itself to dramatization. At the best it could only be a series of incidents, and most of them at that must be rather brutal. Once or twice during the performance Miss Blair succeeds in her portrayal of *Nancy Sikes*, but as a whole her performance and that of her company is weak. Edmund Elton as *Bill Sikes* is successful to a small degree. Albert Andruss as *Fagin* works hard, but his performance is not particularly brilliant, while Miss Edna G. Brothers portrays *Oliver Twist* as a shrinking, timid figure generally upon his knees. The play itself is in many cases almost ridiculous, especially the scene in the London police court, which has absolutely nothing in it that can be commended.

New York Letter.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

THE silly summer season is now in full bud, and in another week should burst into bloom, provided the unwilling sun warms to his task in time. Everywhere the plaster houses of entertainment have been repaired and gilded, and at their showy portals the gorgeous attendants stand waiting for genial weather and the humble dime. Particularly, one may say, the weather, for the dimes can be more or less controlled under ordinary conditions.

Decoration Day, of course, sent its million or two hurrying and scurrying in all directions for an outing, and the jungle of silver at the turnstiles brought joy to the showman's heart. But, for the most part, his efforts have thus far gone begging by reason of inclement weather.

Chief among these is Coney Island, that lady of multi-hued charms, tawdry, feverish and cheap as ever, but generous at least in her beguilements to save you from the boredom of life at a temperature in the nineties. And fairest of all Coney Island attractions stands Dreamland, externally at least, without spot or stain, its snowy whiteness gleaming from afar in all the unsullied glory of some holy, Eastern tale. Within, everything is pretty much as we knew it a year ago. The familiar stalls of the Frankfurter men are there with their smoking viands piled high and ready. The molasses candy, too, is spun and twisted while you wait, popcorn, fritters are there in tissue bags, and peanuts are piping their simple unobtrusive lay. Shooting-galleries, ball-throwing at woolly heads, canes and umbrellas to "ring," divide your attention with the parlors of mysterious "Turks," where solemn-faced men or



GRIEF HATH A FRIEND.—Life.

women of the occult art offer to read your past, present and future for twenty-five cents, when you are spending ten times as much to forget them. Out in the "court" they are still "shooting the chutes" to the old familiar shrieks, and overhead (but this is new) Hiram Maxim air-ships are flying around at forty miles an hour. Bostock's great animal show is in its place again with one-armed Bonavita as the "star" performer. So are "Fighting the Flames," "A Trip to the Moon," "Sewers of Paris," "Trips Through Switzerland," and "Antarctic Voyages"—yes, we saw all these names over the entrances, but to resolve the mass again into separate sensations would be a difficult process, one experience differing but slightly, if at all, from another.

The war in the East of necessity has not been overlooked, and across the Coney Island thoroughfare, in Luna Park, we have a "realistic" account of the fall of Port Arthur. That is, "real" to the extent that genuine Japs and Russians are engaged in the performance, while, instead of painted ships upon a painted ocean, fairly decent-sized models disport themselves in very real water. Stickless rockets, a plentiful supply of powder and strong imaginations do the rest.

Something very much better, however, along this line is being done at Brighton Beach, where General Piet Cronje is fighting the Boer war over again—though with rather more success to the present cause than he ultimately had in the last unhappy days of his ill-starred republic. Inside a large enclosure, where the flat sand beach has been transformed into a series of kopjes—we have the press agent's word for its fidelity to Transvaal scenery—the arms of Briton and Boer renew the struggle that in its early stages, according to Boer history, which I fear we cannot refute, was a record of stupid blunders on one side and tactical successes on the other. And had the Boer resources been at all equal to Britain's there is no room to question that the final outcome would have been different. Not a particularly flattering reflection, is it, that our superior numbers finally overcame the superior fighting skill of an enemy our War Office at first despised? The Boer successes, naturally, are not overlooked in Cronje's performance, and we have before our eyes the humiliating spectacle of those brave Gordon Highlanders advancing in close formation on an entrenched position that had not even been reconnoitred. When will the shame of such a deed be erased from Britain's scroll? And yet, it would probably happen again to-morrow. As a performance, this Boer war is realistic and interesting, and to some a very agreeable change from the Coney Island we have just left behind. But then, our summer showman is nothing if not versatile, within his limits, and you can get almost anything in New York or its environs except—nature undefiled. For blest as New York is in suburban and coast retreats, a strip of unpolluted beach or uncontaminated wood within street car or steamboat distance is next to impossible. Even old Fort George, whose walls at one time echoed to the sound of musketry and the roll of drums, is filled now with

the din of "barkers" crying out their cheap wares, and boasts a fakir at every historic gate. The octopus of amusement spreads itself in every direction and, with a feeding-bottle in one hand and a rattle in the other, proceeds to stay the foolish hunger of our life's craving and wipe away the tear of our least unhappiness.

With last week's end the regular theatrical season was fairly brought to a close, only three performances remaining on Broadway—*Sergeant Brue*, *Fantana* and *The Rollicking Girl*—and these will probably continue throughout the summer. The closing of the winter season means the opening of the summer season, and during the coming week the Roof Garden will be inaugurated, two of these enterprises at least announcing their opening for Monday night.

In the Aerial, over the New Amsterdam, Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger have provided for their patrons a very attractive place of entertainment, lavishly decorated with shrubs, plants and other garden effects. For the opening programme a "review" of Gilbert and Sullivan is promised, numbers to be selected from *Pinafore*, *Pirates of Penzance*, *Patience*, *Mikado* and *Iolanthe*. This review is to be followed by a new skit, *Lifting the Lid*, wherein such local celebrities as Jerome, McAdoo, and others will no doubt be seen in familiar situations.

Mr. Oscar Hammerstein, who says his own taste runs to *Parasol*, but pleads he is but the servant of the people, promises a good vaudeville programme for his Paradise Roof Garden, and he has the reputation of keeping his word.

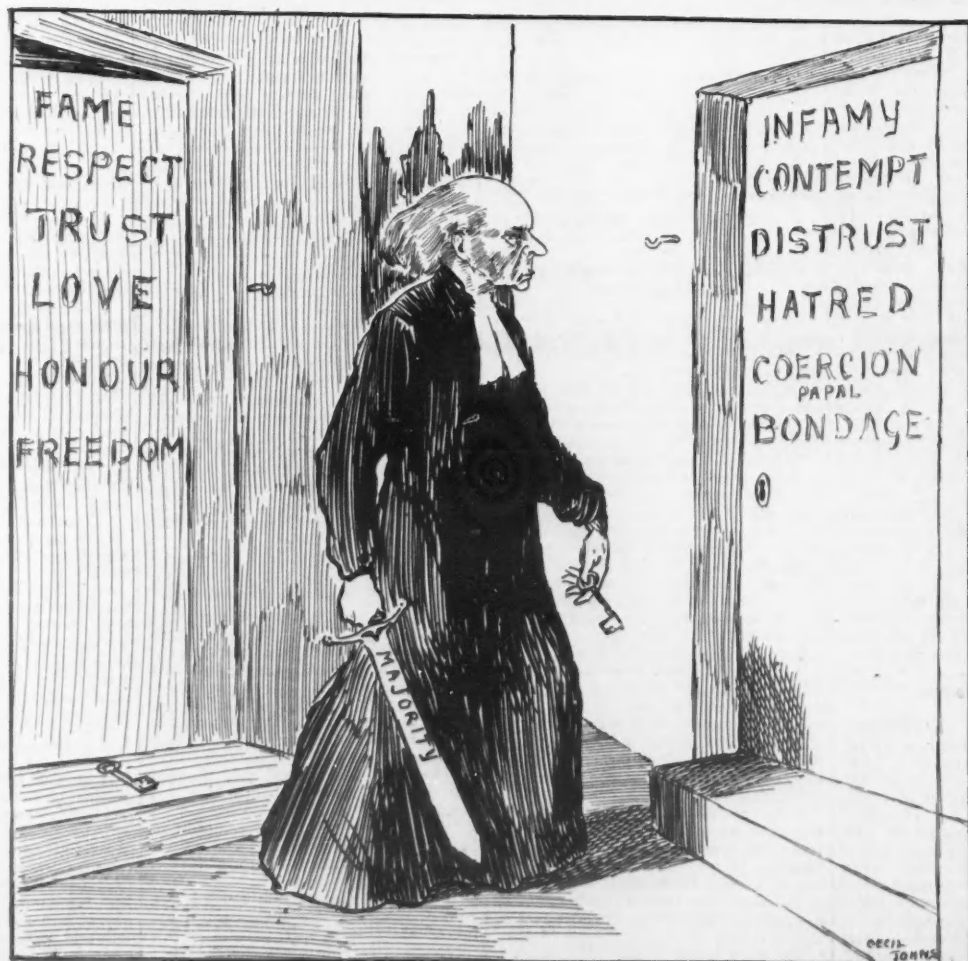
The evolution of the Roof Garden is an interesting theme and Mr. Hammerstein, who has recently discussed the subject, reminds us what a short while ago it was when a roof garden got along very well with the services of an Hungarian band. Then the Neapolitan mandolin rippers were imported, followed by the Italian opera singer, who on wet nights sang under an umbrella, until, by easy and well defined stages, the more complex programme and expensive scenery of to-day were made necessary. This has necessitated new surroundings, better drinks and higher admission fees. In fact the whole paraphernalia of the modern theater has been carried to the roof and carefully covered with glass.

But all this must be very disgusting, indeed, to the good people of Toronto, who are by this time breathing in all the refinements of the "Elizabethan" stage, to say nothing of the purer air of Queen's Park.

J. E. W.

A Loser.

Senior Partner—We had best have the bookkeeper's books examined. I saw him at the race-track yesterday!
Junior Partner—Indeed!
Senior Partner—Yes, and he was betting on the same horse I was!



THE CHOICE.

An Offer to Joseph Jefferson.

AN illustration of the tremendous salaries paid to leading theatrical people to appear in vaudeville is found in the appended proposal made to the late Joseph Jefferson by F. F. Proctor of New York. Mr. Jefferson is said to have considered thirty thousand dollars a highly satisfactory return for a season's work on the regular stage. This offer of five thousand weekly, therefore, would have enabled him to earn in twelve weeks twice as much as he would have received in "legitimate" drama in more than double the time.

NEW YORK, March 17, 1905.

MR. JOSEPH JEFFERSON, Hobe Sound, Fla.

MY DEAR MR. JEFFERSON: At the instance of Mr. F. F. Proctor of this city I am empowered to make you the following offer, which I trust you will see fit to give your serious consideration.

Mr. Proctor, realizing the advantages of your name and position, desires to present to Mr. Jefferson an opportunity to enter vaudeville for a limited period of twelve weeks at a salary of five thousand dollars (\$5,000) per week. Mr. Proctor would suggest that Mr. Jefferson make use of a condensed version of *The Rivals*, which he will have prepared by a competent playwright, playing the part of *Bob Acres*. Mr. Proctor would engage and furnish the necessary support, and supply all the necessary scenery, properties and effects and other incidentals to the production, paying Mr. Jefferson the sum above mentioned for his services alone.

I think, Mr. Jefferson, that the above offer is a remarkable one, coming from a vaudeville manager, and as the time required for a proper rendition of the version spoken of would be but twenty-five minutes twice a day for six days a week, the sum is not perhaps out of proportion to the requirements. Would you do me the favor to give this your consideration, and advise me as to whether you would care to accept it? Thanking you in any event, I have the honor to remain,

Yours respectfully,
(Signed) WILLIAM L. LYKENS.

The Seven Wonders of the World.

EVERYONE has heard of the seven wonders of the world, but very few people now know what they were. Here they are, catalogued and described, by the Venerable Bede, an ecclesiastical writer of the eighth century:

The first of the seven wonders of the world, made by the hand of man, is the Capitol at Rome, the very salvation of the inhabitants, and greater than a whole city. In it were statues of the nations subdued by the Romans, or images of their gods, and on the breasts of the statues were inscribed the names of the nations which had been conquered, with bells hanging from their necks. Priests or watchmen attended on these by turns, day and night, and showed much care in watching them. If either of them should move, the bell made a noise, and so they knew what nation was rebelling against the Romans. When they knew this, they communicated the information by word of mouth or by writing to the Roman princes, that they might know against what nation they were next to turn the Roman arms.

The second is the lighthouse of Alexandria, which was founded on four glass arches, twenty paces deep beneath the sea. The wonder is, how such large arches could be made, or how they could be conveyed without breaking; how the foundations, which are cemented together above, could adhere to them, or how the cement could stand firm under the water, and why the arches are not broken and why the foundations cast in above do not slip off.

The third is the figure of the Colossus in the Island of Rhodes, a hundred and thirty-six feet long, and cast of melted metal. The wonder is how such an immense mass could be cast, or how it could be set up and not fall.

The fourth wonder is the iron figure of Bellerophon on horseback, which hangs suspended in the air over the city, and has neither chains nor anything else to support it; but great magnetic stones are placed in vaults, and so it is retained in assumption (position), and remains in balanced measure. Now the calculation of its weight is about five thousand pounds of iron.

The fifth wonder is the Theater of Heraclea, carved out of one piece of marble, so that all the cells and rooms of the wall, and the dens of the beasts, are made out of one solid stone. It is supported on four arches carved out of the same stone; and no one can whisper in the whole circle so low, either to himself or another, without being heard by every one who is in the circle of the building.

The sixth wonder is the Bath, which is such that when Apollonatus has lighted it with one candle of consecration it keeps the hot baths continually burning without being attended to.

The seventh wonder is the Temple of Diana, on four pillars. Its first foundations are arched drains; then it increases gradually, upper stones being placed on the former arches. Thus: upon these four are placed eight pillars and four arches; then on the third row it increases in like proportion, and stones still higher are placed thereon. On the eighth are placed sixteen, and on the sixteen thirty-two, the fourth row of arches, and sixty-four pillars complete the plan of this remarkable building.

Encouragement.

De Lave—I'm a mum-mum man who nun-nun never says dud-dud die, dud-dud don't you know?
Mrs. Goode—Well, never mind, you certainly try hard enough to do so!

To be wise is the privilege of those who know when to be foolish.

Curious Misinformation.

III.—WITCHCRAFT DELUSIONS.

DO you see visions at night? Are you plagued with black cats? Have you troubles? Do your cattle die? Do you take fits? Do your servants leave you? Have you a sick feeling? Are you wasting away? Do things happen? Do you eat nails? Do pins and needles appear in your flesh in various parts of your body?

If so, you are bewitched.

The witchcraft delusions under which the whole Christian world labored, from the sixteenth and seventeenth to the eighteenth century, were the most monstrous will-o'-the-wisps that ever unsettled the brain of man.

At the period of the diffusion of Christianity throughout Europe there were many soothsaying or wise women, votaries of the ancient gods. When these gods came to be looked upon as demons and evil spirits—for a doubt as to their actual existence never entered the minds of the early converts—the doings of these women were looked upon as unlawful.

Later, when superstitious belief held full sway and the whole air was peopled with spirits and devils, when natural phenomena, the severest sicknesses, the petty mishaps, were all attributed to the power of the devil; when the people could no longer determine between the subjective dreams and visions and the objective realities of nature, then came the senseless and brutal series of witch persecutions.

The University of Paris in the year 1398 published an edict, in which they called attention to the general increase of the practice of sorcery, and the ecclesiastical courts brought under one head the crimes of heresy and witchcraft.

There are three sorts of witches: the black, the grey, and the white. The black are omnipotent for evil and powerless for good. The grey are equally effective for good or evil. The white can only do good. According to a writer on the subject, the method of initiation is as follows: The witch-to-be is tempted by a man in black, usually by the offer of unlimited power, to sign a contract to become his forever, both body and soul. On the conclusion of the agreement he gives her a coin and in return she signs the pact with her own blood. While swearing to serve the devil she places one hand on the sole of her left foot and the other hand on the crown of her head. When they part the devil gives her an imp, or familiar spirit.

One of the earliest of the larger witch trials took place in the town of Arras in the year 1459. Monstrelet, in his chronicle, says that:

there occurred a miserable and inhuman scene, to which, I know not why, was given the name of *Vandoisite*. There were taken up and imprisoned a number of considerable persons, inhabitants of this town, and others of a very inferior class. These latter were so cruelly put to the torture that they confessed that they had been transported by supernatural means to a solitary place among the woods, where the devil appeared before them in the form of a man, though they did not see his face. He instructed them in the way in which they should do his bidding, and exacting from them acts of homage and obedience.

This trial ended in the most shameful blackmailing of the leading citizens of Arras, who had to pay the villainous informers not to accuse them of participation in the unholy rites of the *Witches Sabbats*. These persecutions and outrages were not perpetuated by ignorant men under the influence of terror. Pope Innocent VIII., in the year 1484, published a bull, which resulted in horrible scenes of cruelty all over the continent of Europe. In it he affirms:

It has come to our ears, that members of both sexes do not avoid intercourse with the infernal fiends, and that by their sorceries they afflict both man and beast; . . . they blast the corn on the ground, the grapes of the vineyard, the fruits of the trees, and the grass and herbs of the fields.

The Biblical injunction, "thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," has caused misery and death untold and unknown. In the nine millions or so of men who have been burned or hanged since the establishment of Christianity on the altars of religion, "this particular delusion can claim a considerable portion." (*Superstitions of Witchcraft*, H. Williams.)

At Calahorra, in Spain, in the year 1507, an *auto-da-fé* was exhibited, when thirty-nine women, accused of witchcraft and sorcery, were committed to the flames. In three months of the year 1515, it is said that in the city of Geneva over five hundred persons underwent capital punishment for the crime of witchcraft. In the territory of Como, in 1524, one thousand persons were put to death on this accusation, and, for several years after, one hundred victims per annum were sacrificed to the superstitious terror of the religious. Nicholas Remi, in a curious work published in the year 1595, tells us that in the Duchy of Lorraine, and under his own eye, nine hundred witches were burned in the course of fifteen years. Again, in the year 1609, six hundred so-called witches were burned to death by a commission appointed to examine certain acts of sorcery in the district of Labourt. Between 1625 and 1630, nine hundred trials took place in the courts of Bamberg and Tiel. Six hundred witches were burned by Bishop George II. and twelve hundred more were done to death as a result of these trials. An epidemic of delusions broke out in 1669 in the village of Mobra, Central Sweden. Seventy persons were condemned. Twenty-three were burnt. Fifteen children were executed, while the fifty-three remaining suspects were scourged unmercifully every Sunday for a year. The minister of Mobra suffered with severe headaches during and just preceding the trial. He gave forth that the headaches must be caused by the witches holding their infernal dances on his head while he was asleep. One of the self-deluded women confessed to having caused these headaches by the attempt to drive a nail into his forehead with a sledge-hammer. "The thickness of your skull," she said to him, "alone saved your life."

These trials and *autos-da-fé* which are mentioned above are merely a few picked out from the many; so many that they would be too tedious to bring forward.

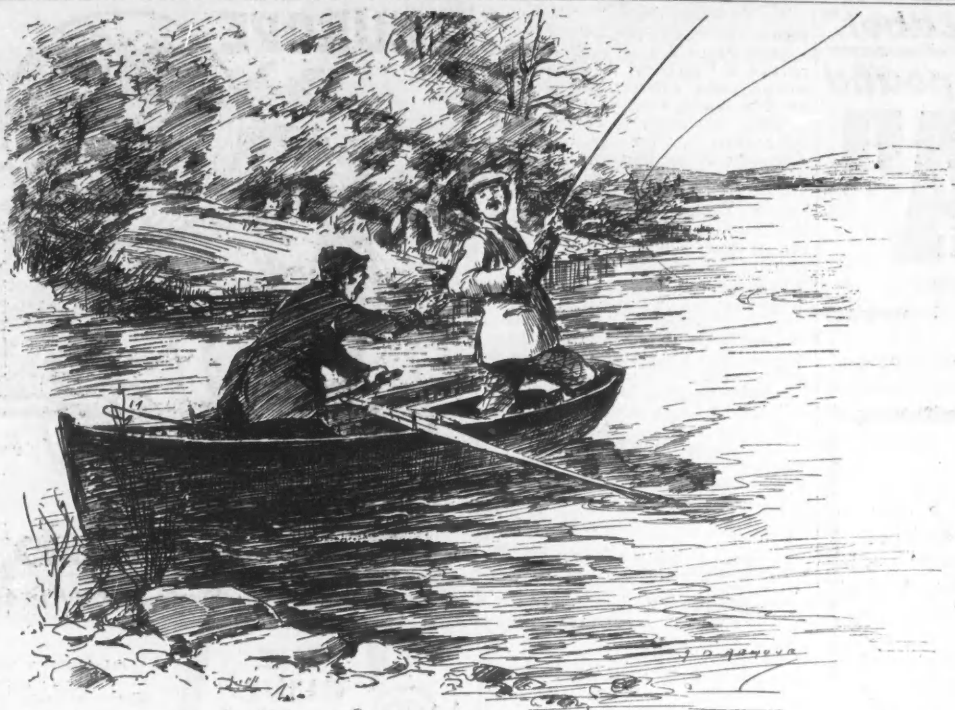
The judges who conducted these courts of inquiry and sentenced the prisoners were rabid fanatics and only too ready to listen to any evidence, no matter from what source. Celebrated physicians, as late as the eighteenth century, pronounced the so-called mischief of the evil eye and witchcraft to be diseases immediately produced by the devil. Even Luther saw the devil and had conversation with him, for he says that Satan came to him "in the dead of night, when he was just awakened out of sleep." He asserts that:

The devil knows how to construct his arguments, and to urge them with the skill of a master. He delivers with a grave, and yet shrill voice. . . . For my part I am thoroughly acquainted with him, and have eaten a bushel of salt with him.

With public opinion of this complexion and with such good sponsors for superstitious beliefs, it is hardly to be wondered at that witch trials of most ferocious character took place in Protestant England and America.

In 1862, occurred one of the most melancholy trials in the annals of witchcraft. This occurred in Pendlebury Forest, four or five miles from Manchester, Lancashire. Roger Nowel, a country magistrate, decided that it would be a great public act to stamp out a nest of witches, commonly supposed to meet in Pendlebury. Elizabeth Demdike and Ann Chattox, both over eighty, the former blind and the latter becoming so, were the first to be seized. Then eleven of their relations and friends were arrested and, by some means, induced to make a partial confession of witchcraft. The prisoners were kept in Lancaster Castle until the summer assizes, poor old Elizabeth Demdike dying in confinement.

The remaining prisoners were brought to trial, and found guilty. Ten persons were thus led to the gallows on the most absurd evidence. The principal witnesses against Elizabeth Demdike, daughter of Demdike, were her two grandchildren, one of them only nine years of age. Both the children swore that they had been present when the devil, in the shape of a black dog, came to their grandmother and asked her what she desired. Upon seeing her granddaughter in the



SPORTSMAN (who has just lost a good fish)—That was a good one, Tim.
TIM—Deed then it was! He was as long as an umbrella, and had a side on him like a shop-shutter!—Punch.

witness-box, ready to testify against her, Elizabeth Devise raved so madly (this was used by the prosecutor) that she had to be removed from court before the witness could contrive to give her damning evidence. There is no doubt in this instance that the principals involved pretended to supernatural powers, enjoying the fear and respect paid to them by the villagers.

Twenty-two years after this trial, a wretched man, Edmund Robinson, conceived the scheme of making money from a witchcraft scare in the same village which had been troubled before. He taught his son, eleven years of age, to say that he had whipped two dogs who would not hunt a hare, and that they had turned into a witch and her imp. This story, when repeated, was believed, and Robinson gave out that his boy could distinguish a witch by sight. Seventeen people whom the boy selected were seized, tried at the assizes and found guilty. The judge, unlike his predecessors, strictly scrutinized the story told by the boy, who later was obliged to confess the imposture. The whole seventeen victims were set free.

The most modern of these witchcraft delusions took place in the Puritanical colony of Massachusetts, between the years 1688 and 1692. The most prominent agitators in these trials were Cotton Mather and Increase Mather, two ministers. The first alarm was raised in the family of the minister of Salem, some black servants being accused. In May of the year 1692 Bridget Bishop and Susannah Martin were hanged. Many more people were hanged, among them Mr. George Burroughs, a minister, whose crime appears to have been his outspoken disbelief in witchcraft. One man also was pressed to death by weights, according to an old law, because he refused to plead. The center of agitation was moved from Salem to Andover, and here many were thrown into prison. The lady of Governor Phipps was accused and this brought matters to a head. When human beings were exempt the excitement did not subside until two dogs, accused of witchcraft, were tried and put to death.

Let us be thankful that we live in an age which, although troubled with Christian Scientists, Dowelisms, Faith Curers, etc., is sufficiently reasonable to prevent any recurrence of these witchcraft delusions.

DOUGLAS HALLAM.

Why the Vacation Was Extended.

He was only four, but he had a genius for condensation. He had been taught to invoke the divine blessing on each member of the family by name. One evening, unobserved, he listened to papa and Uncle Tom discuss the summer vacation problem in the library until it was long past his bedtime. When he knelt by his little cot, he thought to make up for lost time. As he raised his eyes to heaven, he said: "God bless papa and mamma and the whole d-d bunch." And mamma had fire in her eye when she entered the library a few minutes later.

Wanted—A good office-boy. One who never forgets, who can keep his mouth shut, who never looks at the clock and yet who is always on time; who can talk politely over the telephone, and who doesn't know how to whistle. Salary, ten thousand a year.



"For things like that, you know, must be After a famous victory."

The Debating Club.

There once was a Debating Club, exceeding wise and great; On grave and abstruse questions it would eagerly debate. Its members said: "We are so wise, ourselves we'll herewith dub

The Great Aristophelian Pythagoreotic Club."

And every night these bigwigs met, and strove with utmost pains To solve recondite problems that would baffle lesser brains.

They argued and debated till the hours were small and wee; And weren't much discouraged if they didn't then agree. They said their say, and went their way, these cheerful, pleasant men,

And then came round next evening, and said it all again. Well, possibly, you'll be surprised; but all the winter through The questions they debated on numbered exactly two.

For, as they said: "Of course we can't take up another one, Till we have solved conclusively the two that we've begun."

They reasoned and they argued, as the evenings wore along; And each one thought that he was right, and deemed the others wrong.

They wrangled and contended, they disputed and discussed, They retorted and rebutted, they refuted and they fussed; But though their wisdom was profound, and erudite their speech,

A definite conclusion those men could never reach. And so the club disbanded, and they read their last report, Which told the whole sad story, though it was exceeding short:

"Resolved—We are not able to solve these problems two: 'Does Polly want a cracker?' and 'What did Katy do?'"

CAROLYN WELLS.

He Was Safe.

"My dear friend, you must have your appendix removed." The kindly and thoughtful physician laid his hand on his companion's shoulder. That individual started perceptibly.

"Why?" he exclaimed, "what for? I'm healthy enough. Nothing the matter with me."

"I know it," replied the physician. "But it's a wise precaution. You're going to travel, aren't you?"

"Yes—Europe, Asia, Africa."

"Exactly. You're going to unknown, unfrequented places. Don't make the mistake of taking your appendix with you. Have it removed before you start—then you can travel in perfect safety."

The other shook his head.

"My dear fellow," he said, "you're wrong. Your argument would hold good if I were going to travel only in America or England. But where I'm going it will be impossible for me to have appendicitis."

"But why not?"

The wise man smiled.

"Because," he said, "there are no up-to-date doctors there."

Mrs. Von Blumer—We can't get any guests to stay here with that new butler, Von Blumer—Why, I thought he was magnificent. Mrs. Von Blumer—He is. That's the trouble. No one dares give him a tip of less than ten dollars.



Single Flower Enlarged
FLOWERING DOGWOOD
CORNUS FLORIDA

AT this season of the year, on the north side of the road leading from Queenston to St. David's, and just at the foot of the rocky escarpment that here looms so prominently, beautifully set amid the spring greenery of the other forest trees, are a very few striking patches of white, easily distinguishable from the whitened fruit-trees by the more masculine aspect they take on through the stronger and more definite modelling of their masses. They are Flowering Dogwoods in their early glory. They really belong farther south, but the mild atmosphere of the peach country seems congenial and they are found here and there throughout the Niagara peninsula and in spots along the Lake Erie shore. A few trees have ventured into the vicinity of Hamilton, of course, but with the Dogwood it is "thus far and no farther."

The floral display of the Dogwood is exceedingly striking, and its force and beauty are due, not to the real flowers themselves, which are tiny and inconspicuous and clustered together into a little head about half an inch across, but to the showy involucre of four large, white, petal-like leaves. The flowers are yellow-green in color and have an urn-shaped, four-lobed calyx, a corolla of four somewhat rounded petals, four protruding stamens and one pistil. From ten to thirty of them are clustered together into a sort of button in the center of the more ostentatious part of the display. The white, or rarely pinkish leaves of the involucre have their blunted ends notched and puckered, and usually touched with crimson, and are each an inch and a half long, so that each flower-head with its white accompaniment is three inches or more in diameter.

The tree attains a height of from fifteen to forty feet and gets its generic name, *Cornus*, from "cornu," a horn, in consideration of the hardness of the wood. The tree-leaves grow opposite one another on the stem, as in the case of maples, are from three to five inches long, without teeth, and of a very dark green on the upper surface and paler beneath, turning a brilliant scarlet in the autumn.

Of the many flowers in each cluster only three or four usually mature into fruit. The fruit, which ripens in October, is a drupe—like the cherry or the plum—smooth, shining, half an inch long, bright scarlet in color, and having a bitter, aromatic taste.

The Dogwoods are generally shrubs, rarely trees, rarely herbs. The Flowering Dogwood is the largest of the family, and perhaps the smallest is our Bunchberry, or Dwarf Cornel (*Cornus Canadensis*), which seldom grows to more than eight inches in height. The Bunchberry certainly deserves its "Canadensis," for it grows abundantly across the whole of our wooded country from the Atlantic to the Pacific and north as far as the spruce extends. The leaves are pointed, toothless, of a light yellow-green, and set on the stem in a sort of whorl. The flowers are constructed on the same principle as set forth above in connection with the Flowering Dogwood, and develop about the end of August into a bunch of beautiful bright scarlet, but rather tasteless, berry-like fruit.

SAMARA.

Civilities at the Front.

AJAPANESE officer serving on the Shaho has a strange and interesting story to tell of intercourse and civilities between the two armies.

The Japanese being desirous of conveying to the Russians news of the fall of Port Arthur, volunteers were invited to carry the letters. Two non-commissioned officers and two privates undertook the task. They rode out toward the enemy's lines with the intention of delivering the letters directly into the hands of the Russians, instead of depositing them at some midway point, as had been the custom hitherto. There was, however, great danger that this new method might be fatal to the little party.

But they rode off stoutly to within a thousand meters of the enemy's outpost, waving white handkerchiefs. The Russians did not fire, and the Japanese went steadily on. When they were only about thirty or forty yards away, a party of Russians lay down in firing positions, but still the sergeants and soldiers rode on, energetically waving their white flags. Presently the Russians motioned them to lay down their arms, thinking they had come to surrender. The Japanese, however, regardless of risk, pushed on to within hand-shaking distance. Then the Russians saw that they carried several bottles of wine and boxes of cigars. On the latter was inscribed in big letters: "To-morrow will be your Christmas day. We shall not attack if you do not. Drink and smoke to your heart's content and have a good time."

At first the Russians did not wish to accept the presents, but when they read the hearty sentences written on the boxes in their own language, they were much overcome, and there ensued an exchange of the friendliest greetings.

Then the visitors handed in their letters and spoke of the fall of Port Arthur, the news of which was received with profound discouragement. "There is no further object in the war," said the Russian soldiers. Eager questions were asked about General Stoessel, and the men were much interested to hear he shortly would be on his way home. The Japanese then presented the Russians with some pictorial post-cards showing how well Russian prisoners were treated in Japan.

Finally the four men rode away in safety, with the rousing cheers of the grateful enemy ringing in their ears.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

VIOLET FRERES
Proprietors, Thuir, France.

Demand the 'DARTING' Brand
Wholesale: 67, Holborn Viaduct, London, Eng.

In a recent article by M. Henri Dagan, a French sociologist, it is shown that the Jews are essentially a race of poor men, the financial class representing only a small minority. A very large proportion of the 5,700,000 Jews in Russia are engaged in manual toil. In thirteen Russian governments there are 325 Jewish agricultural colonies. Roumania is, of course, the worst Jew-persecuting country in the world. Practically all professions are closed to them, and even peddling is prohibited. Seventy-five per cent. of the factory hands in Roumania must be of Roumanian nationality, and as a consequence thousands of Jews have been deprived of a living and forced to

How Japan Abolished its Prison Horrors.

By ELEANOR FRANKLIN.

Tokio, April 10, 1905.

FEW days ago I saw a little company of Japanese prisoners being led through a narrow street of Tokio, and it seemed to me they must be going into such a durance vile as only wickedness itself could devise. They were tied up with ropes like so many bales of cotton, and on their heads they wore huge straw hats which fitted down over their faces, resting upon their shoulders and completely concealing the upper part of them, making them look like animated bundles with legs that moved mechanically as the natty little policeman in charge pulled the rope by which he was attached to them and by means of which he led them along like whipped beasts. It was a strange sight to see in this twentieth century, in a country which pretends to have adopted and "Japanized" modern civilization; in a country which already begins to tip-tit its little nose at Western crudeness and to prune its plumage of pin-feathers as if it were a full-grown cock o' the walk.

This grotesque exhibition set my mind backward into the fifteenth century, and I wondered, never having given the subject a thought before, what sort of place it might be to which the poor creatures were being taken. Being interested, I set about to acquire information, and a curious time I had. I went first to our friends in the Home Department, who, with much patronizing condescension, offered to introduce me to the general director of prisons. Now, receiving an official introduction in Japan consists largely in waiting patiently until one's request has been carefully considered by half a dozen or more dignitaries of varying degrees of importance, whose point of attack for anything is, "What will be the advantage in this to us?" I waited, and in due course received a telephone message requesting me to present myself at the Department of the Interior at ten o'clock on the following morning. I went, and was ushered with further patronizing condescension into an apartment of green-rep upholstered luxury, where a gentleman of prepossessing Japanese aspect received me with a curious admixture of deference and displeased interrogation which put me immediately at my ease. You see, I am a woman not old enough nor ugly enough to be quite within the narrow confines of Japanese respect for female intelligence; so when I try to meet this invariable underestimation of myself with the proper amount of dignity to overcome it I succeed in at least assuring myself that I am proving quite equal to the unequal situation.

Yes, the gentleman would be very glad, upon such high recommendation, to show me the women's prisons in Tokio.

"But I want to see all the different kinds of prisons," said I. "Police stations, prisons of detention, penitentiaries, and reformatories."

This I said through my interpreter, who, I imagine, attempts oftentimes to smooth my pathway by much curtailing of my requests and by profuse addenda to them in the form of humilities and honorifics which quite modify their cogency.

"So desuka?" said the high official, regarding me with perplexed surprise. "So desuka?" means "Is that so?" and it means it to such an exaggerated degree sometimes as to be quite untranslatable. "So desuka?" he repeated, and then he began to explain things to Kosaka San.

"His Excellency says that it will be quite impossible to show you a man's prison, because no woman has ever been allowed inside of one," said that functionary, in an awe-stricken tone.

"So desuka?" said I, and added, "In that case I think I shall defer the privilege of visiting the women's prisons until I have more time for mere sight-seeing."

Now, it was not so much what I said as the lofty way in which I said it that counted in this instance, for I don't suppose it made any difference to these Japanese friends whether or not I ever visited anything in the empire; but when I was initiated into the secrets of the little conversation which followed I learned that the Minister of the Interior was to be communicated with to see if special permission could not be obtained for me. Of course! "Special permission" can almost always be obtained in Japan if you give officialdom time to side-step around a proposition until they are sure they have mastered all its subtleties. Special permission was obtained from the Minister of the Interior while I waited, and I promised to drive around after luncheon and get the general director, who very graciously offered me personal escort to the institutions. All this doesn't take long to write about, but it took from ten in the morning until one in the afternoon to accomplish, and most of the time was spent in making polite speeches and drinking weak green tea out of lilliputian cups.

But after so much for the reels of red tape, the reams of regulations, and the mountains of suffocating proprieties with which Japanese officialdom is bound about, I must come down to the statement of my belief that with the problem of crime and its just and decent punishment Japan has done more than with any other thing that has been presented to her in the form of modern civilization. Her military excellence rests upon a foundation rooted in centuries of chivalry, whose code of ethics was brought from the god-world by the founders of the race themselves. Her educational system is built upon a time-long habit of study and a mental adaptability that is not more remarkable today than it was a century ago, when she made her own all the learning and philosophy of the East, that is "the outside of the world." Her modern development almost every line has grown out of something she was, or something she possessed, before the American gum-bat *Micropipis* steamed into Yeddo Bay, but the perfection of her modern prison system is a thing grown out of nothing, and as such is the most admirable evidence I have seen of the country's rapid growth toward a de-

served place in the comity of nations.

Much less than fifty years ago there was as little idea of justice in Japan as there is in China to-day, and the longer sword of the "two sword men" represented all the law that was known to the lower classes, who escaped this only to be subjected to the most fiendish tortures that cruelty could devise, until they were willing to confess having committed any crime of which they might be rightfully or wrongfully accused. We started to go first to the men's prison at Sagami, but on the way we stopped at the headquarters of the Japan Prison Society, where all prison officials meet from time to time to discuss reforms and improvements, and where lectures are delivered occasionally to assembled wardens and subordinate officials upon the newest methods of handling prisoners to their best good and to the greatest advantage to the state.

This headquarters of the Japan Prison Society is a low, rambling wooden building, innocent of paint or architectural distinction, standing out in the glaring sun near an open stretch of paddy-fields, midway between the city and the great prison of the city pride. In one room of this little building there was a curious collection of "instruments of justice," which might have figured in the Spanish Inquisition to the enhancement of that institution's reputation for unparalleled cruelty. There were racks and screws, whips and bludgeons, five-pronged spears and wicked long knives. There were chains with great spiked anklets attached to them, and other chains to which hung great weights which no ordinary man could carry. There were two enormous squares of iron sitting beside an upright rack into which victims were tied in a doubled-up position and then forced into unthinkable torture by means of the upward pressure of a great horizontal beam that moved in grooves in the sides of the machine. This rack almost explained itself, but the two pieces of iron looked mysterious.

"What were those for?" I asked. "Those were tied to one end of a rope by which a man was put to death by hanging," explained my escort. "Enough of them were put on to balance the weight of his body, and he was left to die of strangulation."

We were standing by this time in front of a huge chart which gave me cold shivers and drew my attention away from all the other horrors of the time being. It contained brilliantly colored and grotesquely drawn pictures of all the different methods of torture and execution common during the Tokugawa Shogunate, or from the latter part of the sixteenth century until the war of the Restoration in 1868. In one corner was a picture of a man being burned to death, but I could readily believe my escort's statement that this was not a common method, because, compared with some of the others, it was painless and swift, and it lacked the picturesque quality peculiar to the exhibition of a man caught in a great wooden trap and being sliced up piecemeal, and it was not half as entertaining as a crucifixion, at which the howling populace was permitted to assist with long spears of five and seven prongs of the fish-hook combination variety. These spears would go smoothly into a victim's flesh, but as they were drawn out they would catch and horrible details.

It was all pictured there in carmine and yellow, together with various methods of torturing a victim into confession of crime, one of the most original of which was crushing the legs of the accused under huge slabs of stone, put on one by one. Then there were various rope tortures quite beyond my comprehension in their fiendish ingenuity; and all of these things in Japan belong to modern history and are not relics of medieval barbarity, mind you. That is why they are so intensely interesting. Within the memory of many of us these things have been and are yet, no doubt, believed in by many an aged Japanese to whom they were familiar in his prime of life, and who now looks with frowning disapproval upon the onward march of civilization in the land of the Shoguns. These old patriots will go yearly and pray before the shrines of Iyeyasu and Iyemitsu, in beautiful Nikko, among the North Hills, that the august spirits of these old builders of the empire may be soothed in the midst of this continued outrage against the institutions born of their divine judgments; but these institutions, like their founders, are dead for all eternity, and upon the nothing that resulted from their destruction is being built—a system of law and order, of justice clean and kindly, that has not its superior in any part of the world.

The prison at Sagami is a vast low structure of brick and wood spread over acres of well-kept grounds, around which is a brick wall without watch-towers or spikes, and so low that an American prisoner longing for freedom would find it no obstacle, to his escape. I wondered at this and inquired why a stronger wall than could be built by hands safeguards these prisoners and makes attempts at escape almost an unknown thing among them. This is a wall of discipline built upon time-honored social divisions, among which the class of Samurai, now the officials of the empire, have been held for centuries in respect that borders upon awe. These officials go about the premises armed only with short swords, which are more decorative than useful, and the warden proudly told me that revolvers were not a part of the equipment of prison officials because the necessity for the use of one had never arisen in any one's experience.

In Sagami prison there are 2,700 men, under sentences that range from six months to fifteen years. These prisoners are carefully divided as to class in such a way that the prison becomes more a reformatory than a place of mere punishment. Life prisoners, or those under long sentence for great crimes, are sent to a prison two hours away into

the country, where their influence may not touch these criminals new to crime or altogether free from inherent criminal tendencies. In the prisons there are workshops of every possible kind, where articles both useful and artistic are turned out in great number and excellence, but just now these 2,700 men are busily engaged in the manufacture of clothes and various articles of necessity for the soldiers in Manchuria. In one big shop were dozens of men cutting and basting up Khaki uniforms. In another room hundreds of machines were buzzing to the completion of these and other garments being turned in by other shops, where cheerful industry seemed to rob the atmosphere of all the grewsomeness peculiar to such places.

There was one building where army shoes were being manufactured by the thousand pairs; shoes meant for long marches across unbroken countries in any kind of weather. I was told that the prisoners liked to do this work, considered it a privilege, indeed; for in none of them is the spirit of patriotism blighted, "and to be able to help even thus much in the prosecution of this great and glorious war makes their imprisonment a more or less happy bondage. I could readily believe this, seeing the smiling faces of them, and I also thought that imprisonment in such a place must be, to many of them, rather a privilege than a punishment, since poverty and unremitting toil are so distinctly the lot of the lower-class Japanese. But even to them I suppose that freedom is the sweetest thing in life and shame the bitterest. I glanced here and there in the prosecution of this great and glorious war makes their imprisonment a more or less happy bondage. 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To Live and Die

without ever drinking

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Anecdotal

An astronomer does not hail the discovery of a new star with any more enthusiasm than the average physician displays over a new or rare disease. It was in this spirit that Sir Frederick Treves received the account of ailments which a distinguished patient gave him. "Let me congratulate you," he is reported as saying; "you have, you lucky dog, a disease which was thought to be extinct!"

During the South African war, the censorship of soldiers' letters home was very strict. One soldier, who always sent an account of the doings of the regiment, which account was always blotted out by the censor, laid a plan for revenge. At the foot of his next letter he wrote, "Look under the stamp." The censor did so, after spending considerable time in steaming the stamp from the envelope. And he found these words: "Was it hard to get off?"

An excited Londoner met a friend outside a public house, in Whitechapel. "These men in here," he exclaimed, furiously, pointing behind him, "have gone and insulted me. Now, just watch me go in and kick them all into the street, one after another. You can count 'em off as they come through the door." The friend stood and watched. Presently a human form whizzed by him, and fell with a cruel smack in the gutter. "One!" he called. "Stop counting, you fool!" cried the other, as he rose in anguish; "it's me!"

There is a pitiful story told in the *Bookman* of Philip Bourke Marston, the blind English writer. One day a particularly good idea came to him, and he sat down to his typewriter with enthusiasm. He wrote rapidly for hours, and had nearly finished the story when a friend came in. "Read that," said Marston proudly, "and tell me what you think of it." The friend stared at the happy author and then at the blank sheets of paper in his hand before he was able to understand the little tragedy. The ribbon had been taken from the typewriter, and Marston's toil was for nothing. He never had the heart to write that story again.

Forbes Robertson, the English actor, said in an address in New York that he favored generous salaries for theatrical performers. Mr. Robertson gave several instances of salaries disgracefully and needlessly low. Then, with a smile, he said: "The mean manager to whom I have been alluding reminds me of a mean man whose life was saved from drowning. This man fell overboard in stepping from a ferryboat. It was a bitter day. Cakes of grey ice floated in the black water. Nevertheless a ragged wharf-rat plunged head first into the freezing stream, and after ten minutes' hard work rescued the man. What reward do you think this hero got? He got two shillings, which the other gingerly handed him from a purse heavy with gold. The poor fellow looked at the two shillings, and then said: 'Man, I'd have gotten five shillings for taking ye to the deadhouse!'"

Jefferson liked to tell the following story upon himself. He was, of course, from his professional position, well known personally to thousands of men whom he did not know. He was constantly meeting strangers who always remembered him, and the fact that they had met him, but whom he did not always remember. He was very sensitive upon this subject, and was greatly distressed when he forgot a face or a name which he ought not to have forgotten. One day, coming down in the elevator from the top story of the Mills Building in Broad street, New York, he noticed a stout, compact little man who entered the car at the next floor, who looked at him for a moment, evidently waiting for recognition, and then held out his hand and said: "How do you do, Mr. Jefferson?" The actor, of course, responded in his usual, cordial, hearty way and replied: "Why! why! why! How do you do? When did you come to town, and how long are you going to be here?" The stranger said, "But I live here, Mr. Jefferson, and you don't know who I am!" "Well," the protagonist confessed,

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"I know your face perfectly, of course, but I can't place you. I see many faces, and I'm apt to get confused in my study of physiognomy." The little, stout, compact stranger smiled as he turned his cigar over in his mouth, and said: "I'm General Grant!" Jefferson always declared that he got out at the next landing and walked down three flights of stairs to the street, for fear he would make himself additionally conspicuous by asking the gentleman if he had ever been in Washington, or if he was a veteran of the late war!

A group of compositors, as they ate their midnight luncheon, talked about typographical errors. "When I was working in the country as a kid," said one, "our editor once wrote 'To-day is the anniversary of the birth of Louis Philippe,' and I set this up, in my ignorance. 'To-day is the anniversary of the birth of Sam Phillips.' The editor scrawled on the margin of the proof, 'Who the dickens is Sam Phillips?' I was an ignorant kid, and our editorial on Louis Philippe started in next morning's paper in this way: 'To-day is the anniversary of the birth of Sam Phillips. This illustrious—and so on.' "Once I spoiled the quotation of a beautiful poem," said another compositor. "I made the poem begin, 'My love is like a red, red rose.' It should have been, 'rose.' The third compositor smiled. "I was once setting up an advance notice of a fair," he said. "I made a paragraph read: 'There will also be a pumping competition, including stonewall pumps, water pumps, and other varieties.' A lot of pump makers wrote to find out about this competition. It was a mistake. For 'pump' 'jump' should have been put." "When I was on the *Star*," said a thin man, "I got a dog story somehow mixed up with a presentation of a cup to a clergyman. The thing ran: 'The people gave their beloved pastor, along with the cup, a well-filled purse. He, after thanking them, howled and ran like the wind down Chestnut street, then up Ninth to Race, where some boys caught him and tied a tin can to his tail. Away he went again, down Ninth street out Market, and at corner of Thirteenth street he was shot by a policeman.'"

The Seedless Apple.

The seedless apple's
Gone to grass—
There'll be no apple
Seedless.

To say it is no
Loss, alas!
Upon the whole is
Needless.

A peach we want, and
Very bad,
That's luscious while it's
Stoneless;

But more a toothsome,
Juicy shad
That through and through is
Boneless.

Vest Pocket Wonder.

HOW often is it that things we see and handle many times in a day are seldom thought of? How few of those who possess a watch have ever thought of what is expected of it and the work it has to do.

This little machine is expected to work day and night without stopping (as our pulse has to work from birth till death). We expect it to show us the right time in winter and summer, and in whatever position it is placed.

Now, if we open an ordinary gentleman's Geneva horizontal watch we can see the balance, about five-eighths of an inch in diameter, which gives a three-quarters turn at every tick of the watch, so that the little pin seen in the balance travels at every tick of the watch about one and a half inches; and as a watch of that description has to make 18,000 vibrations in an hour, the little pin has to make a journey of about ten miles every twenty-four hours.

Now, well-made watches are generally expected to go for two years, so the little pin in the balance would have made the long journey of 7,300 miles. The balance in a lever watch makes generally one and a half turns at every tick, and therefore travels double the distance—viz., 14,600 miles. To be able to accomplish this all the materials must be of the best and hardest; the oil also must be the best and so fine and fluid that one drop will suffice to oil 200 pivots (or bearings) and keep good in the watch for at least two years.

Equally astonishing are the means by which a watch is regulated. This is done by lengthening or shortening the fine spiral spring, generally known as the hairspring.

If a watch should be half a minute slow a day the hairspring is the 14,000th part of a second too long. Should a watch be only a minute a week too slow it would then be the 98,000th part of a second too long.

All that is expected of the user of a watch is that it be regularly wound up and be not too carelessly treated. Everything else has to be left to the mechanism of the watch and to the clever skill of the watchmaker.

Gossip is what one woman tries to say about another before the other gets a chance to say it about her.



THAT TIRED FEELING.

Man (coming up to counter)—Any chance of a job here, packing?
Clerk—Inquire at the fourth floor, please.
Man—Have yer got a lift?
Clerk—No.
Man—Well, could yer tell me when I can see the fourth floor bloke down 'ere?

Kings Set Fashions.

IT is one of King Edward's many titles to fame, although he has probably never sought it, that he is by universal consent the best-dressed man in his own dominions, and that he has introduced more changes in the fashion of men's dress than any of his predecessors on the throne.

To mention only a few of these Royal fashions, it was he who first exchanged the uncomfortable tight trousers and enormous top-boots, which were the orthodox sporting costume forty years or so ago, for the comfortable and workmanlike knickerbockers and worsted stockings, which are so universal to-day. We owe to him the neat and attractive Norfolk suit, the dress jacket which is such an improvement in ease and comfort on the long-tailed coat, the single-breasted frock coat, the Homburg hat, and many another innovation suggested by his common sense and good taste. In fact, for forty years our King has practically dictated masculine fashion to the world, and if he were to sport a green tie or a flowered waistcoat to-day, within a month they would be worn by the thousands in two continents.

A very different King of fashion was the first James, under whose despotic rule no person, with a few exceptions, could wear lawn or cambrics, or cloth trimmed with gold, "under the pain of forfeiture of the clothes, and an hundred pounds to be paid by the wearer and as much by the maker of the said clothes," while under the rule of czar Paul of Russia any subject who departed from the prescribed dress was promptly lodged in prison; the only costume permitted to the ordinary man being a single-breasted coat and vest, breeches with knee buckles instead of string, buckled shoes, and a cocked hat.

Many of the fashions inaugurated by sovereigns have had most unromantic origins. Thus, when Louis IX. of France developed a bald cranium his queen promptly provided him with a wig, saying, "Our bald kings have never been lucky, and it ill befits a sovereign that he should not be better provided with flowing locks than a mendicant at the gates of Notre Dame." And forthwith every subject throughout France, whether he required it or not, donned a similar wig in loyal emulation of his king.

Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Anjou, had an exercise on one of his feet which made the wearing of an ordinary shoe painful, if not impossible; and to hide his defect he wore shoes with points two feet long, which speedily became the rage. It was a different motive which prompted Catherine of Braganza to start the fashion of wearing short skirts instead of the long dresses then in popular favor. She had small and delicate feet and was anxious that others should have an opportunity of admiring them. It was vanity, too, which suggested to Isabella of Bavaria the wearing of low-necked dresses, so that the fairness of her neck and shoulders might be admired by all.

Edward VI. was the first to wear silk stockings in England, his first pair being a present from Sir Thomas Gresham, who had imported them from Spain; but it was Queen Elizabeth who put on them the final seal of fashion. When Mistress Montague, one of her tirewomen, presented Her Majesty with a pair as a New Year's gift in 1560, she went into raptures over them, declaring: "I like silk stockings so well, because they are pleasant, fine, and delicate, that henceforth I will wear no more cloth stockings."

When Henry VIII. caused his "head to be polled and his beard to be cut short," heads were shaven and beards trimmed in almost frantic haste from one end of the kingdom to the other. Similarly, when Francis I. received a wound in the head which made it necessary for him to wear his hair short, cropped heads became at once the fashion among his subjects; while, to give but one more instance of the power of a king to mold fashions, when Louis XIII. first put a crown on his boyish head it was a signal for courtiers and subjects throughout France to appear with faces as innocent of hair as his own.

"Now about these numerous scandals," observed the Pothick philosopher, as he bit off a fresh chew of navy plug, "the situation is just this: The papers say they wouldn't print 'em if the people didn't read 'em, and the people say they wouldn't read 'em if the papers didn't print 'em, and there ye be."

Shakespeare's Insomnia.

OF the making of theories about Shakespeare there is no end, and the latest person of real prominence to weave one is Professor Churton Collins, who thinks that the bard suffered from insomnia.

"He must," says that eminent Shakespearean authority, in a magazine article just published, "have been distressingly familiar with the torture of this malady. Time after time his characters are made to refer to the agonies of sleeplessness and the blessings of repose. To say nothing of the famous lines in *Macbeth*, and of the two great soliloquies in the second part of *Henry IV.* and in *Henry V.*, what is *Margaret's* curse on *Richard III.*?"

"No sleep close up that deadly eye of mine."

"What is *Iago's* first exclamation after he has wrecked *Othello's* peace of mind?"

"Not poppy, nor mandragora, Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world, Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep."

Which thou owedst yesterday."

"What is *Friar Laurence's* instructive comment when *Romeo* comes to visit him in the early morning?"

"Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye."

And where care lodges sleep will never lie; But where unbruis'd youth with unstuff'd brain, Doth couch his limbs—there golden sleep doth reign."

"What says *Brutus* as he bends over the sleeping boy, *Lucius*, in *Julius Caesar*?"

"Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber; Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies Which busy care draws in the brains of men; Therefore thou sleepest so sound."

"And how admirably is the state familiar to bad sleepers described in *Hamlet*?"

"Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting, That would not let me sleep; methought I lay

Worse than the mutines in the bilboes."

"Again in no fewer than four of the sonnets the pains of sleeplessness are dwelt on," concludes Mr. Collins.

Meanwhile another Shakespearean expert, Sidney Lee, has been voicing the general dismay among students in this country at the rate at which early editions of Shakespeare's plays and poems are going to America. In a speech at Dudley, the other day, Mr. Lee bewailed particularly the unique first quarto of *Titus Andronicus*, and the surprisingly rich library of the late Locker Lampson, recently acquired by a New York dealer. Never in the history of English book-collecting, the speaker declared, had Great Britain lost suddenly and secretly such a treasure of Shakespeareana. Before the officers of any public institution like the British Museum or the Bodleian Library, before any private English collector had any suspicion of their impending fate, these Rowfant volumes crossed the Atlantic, never, in all probability, to return.

"While we admire the superior enterprise of the American collector," said Mr. Lee, "we cannot but grieve over the insensibility of our own rich men who allow these heirlooms to leave our shores without making any effort to retain them here."

Mr. Lee also had a shot at George Bernard Shaw, in reply to some more than commonly irrelevant things which the author of *Man and Super-Man* has been saying about the Bard of late. Lee declared that Shaw's inversions of the commonplace and portrayals of sentiment upside down were in his own plays most refreshing. But when he publicly asserted that *As You Like It* was romantic nonsense and that he had written very much better plays himself, the Shakespearean authority said one could only recommend Mr. Shaw to ponder Bacon's observation that "Vainglorious men are the scorn of wise men, the admiration of fools, the idols of parasites, and the slaves of their own vaunts."

Mamma—When that naughty boy threw stones at you, why didn't you come and tell me instead of throwing them back at him? Little Willie—Huh! What good would it do to tell you? You couldn't hit the side of a house.

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Differences in Two Sides of the Body.

"Speaking of oddities," said another

man, "there is more truth than poetry in

the rather rough saying, sometimes in-

cluded in a bandying spirit, that 'your

feet are not mates.' The fact is, we are

not as perfectly made as the sculptor, the painter and the poet would have us believe.

"For instance, the two sides of a person's face are never alike. The eyes are out of line in two cases out of five, and one eye is stronger than the other in seven persons out of ten. The right eye is also, as a rule, higher than the left. Only one person in fifteen has perfect eyes, the largest percentage of defects prevailing among fair-haired people. The smallest interval of sound can be distinguished better with one ear than with both.

"The nails of two fingers never grow with the same rapidity, that of the middle finger growing the fastest, while that of the thumb grows slowest. In fifty-four cases out of a hundred the left leg is shorter than the right. So, you see, we are not the perfect creatures we are sometimes represented to be, nor is it quite so horrible as one might imagine to be reminded that one's feet are not mates. The feet are not mates, as a matter of fact—that is, they are not both exactly alike and of the same size."

"Haven't you any ambition to work as your father did at your age?" "Certainly not," answered the gilded youth; "if I were to work what would have been the use of father's working?"

"What's the matter, dear?" her mother asked. "I was just thinking," the beautiful heiress answered, "how terrible it would be if the earl should decide not to take papa's money on the ground that it was tainted."

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C. E.



R. HARRY M. FIELD, Toronto's brilliant solo pianist, will pass his vacation in Europe, and will sail shortly on the *s.s. Victoria* for Hamburg. He will visit Leipzig, Berlin, Munich, and will be present at the Wagner performances at the last named place. He will return to Toronto in September. His repertoire for next season will include the Beethoven Sonata, Op. 109, the big Liszt Sonata, and the Chopin E minor Concerto, the last to be rendered with a small orchestra.

Dr. Cowen will be the conductor on the 24th inst. at a concert in London, the programme of which will be made up entirely of English music. For the performance a chorus and orchestra of 3,500 are being drilled. The programme includes Sir Hubert Parry's ode, *Bliss*, *Pair of Sirens*, *The Challenge of Thor*, from Sir Edward Elgar's *King Olaf*, and his cycle of songs, *Sea Pictures*; Mr. Coleridge-Taylor's cantata, *Hiawatha's Wedding Feast*, Cowen's *Old English Dances*, Edward German's *Gipsy Suite*, and excerpts from Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Ivanhoe*.

Joseph Bennett, the musical editor of the London *Daily Telegraph*, laments the decline of choral music in the metropolis. He writes: "The great cities of the provinces, with many a small one, are so far infinitely better off than the mother of them all, and there appears no sign of change. This is surely no whole, some; as surely, it is pathetic. We have fallen back from the point at which we stood less than half a century ago."

The one-act opera, *La Cabrera*, which won the first Sonzogno prize in Milan last year, was performed in Paris the other day and won a pronounced success. Its composer, Gabriel Dupont, is a confirmed invalid, and in consequence could not attend the first production of his work in Milan, and was only just able to hear the last rehearsal in Paris.

The Empress Josephine's harp has been taken to the Garde-Meuble, Paris, where it will be restored to its original beauty before being returned to its old home at Malmaison. It is of mahogany, ornamented with bas-reliefs in bronze, three of which represent Apollo, Harmony and Minerva supporting a shield inscribed with the letter "J." The harp, it is said, was given by the Empress Eugénie to M. Ostris, who has returned it to the State, conditionally on its being preserved at Malmaison.

From all accounts the recent London, Ont., musical festival was most satisfactorily carried out, and the result reflects great credit upon Mr. Jordan, the local conductor. The presence of the Thomas Chicago orchestra in itself gave artistic distinction to the concerts. It speaks well for the musical enterprise of the Forest City that this, the finest orchestra in America, should have been engaged in spite of the expense.

Alan Dale, the well-known New York theatrical critic, in a recent article made the remarkable statement that during the past season there were only two musical offerings of any note; only two successes out of more than forty musical plays presented in and near New York city. These were the imported musical comedy entitled *The School Girl*, which had a previous record of over four hundred nights at the Prince of Wales Theatre, in London, and a purely American article, entitled *Fantasia*, from the pens of Sam S. Shubert, Robert Smith and Raymond Hubbell. Thus the honors are evenly divided between English and American authors. In this connection it is interesting to note that the music of *The School Girl* is by Leslie Stuart, who gained much fame through his last big success, *Florodora*. Another master-hand in the construction of *The School Girl* was that of Mr. Henry Hamilton, who also furnished the book of *The Duchess of Dantz*, which scored a triumph in London and met with more or less success in America.

The passing away of Mr. Isaac Suckling, which occurred on Tuesday of last week, has removed one of the most familiar figures in the musical world of this city. Mr. Suckling's life in Toronto covered about forty years. He was one of the oldest and most respected of our citizens. Although ninety-four years of age at the time of his decease, he had enjoyed excellent health until about two months ago, when an attack of excessive weakness confined him to the house. He experienced an active career in the early part of his life, having been in the British army, with which he was in service in India and China. He took part in the capture of the city of Canton, as well as in other events, and was granted the China war medal in 1842. He was successively bandmaster of the 26th Cameronians Regiment and of the 47th Regiment, the band of the latter being one of the most effective in the British army. In the seventies he started with his son George, the music house of Suckling & Sons, Yonge street. He took a keen interest in the musical enterprises of the city, particularly in the old Philharmonic Society under Dr. Worthington. Six sons survive him, all of whom are well known in business circles.

The manager of Mme. Calve indignantly denies the story set afloat that "the Carmen" had lost her voice. On the contrary, he cables that she is in splendid form and will fill all engagements made for her this summer.

Mr. W. O. Forsyth was in London and Bradford this week, examining piano students for the University of Toronto.

Henry W. Savage closed his *Parafal*

tour after a season of twenty-seven weeks, during which 225 performances of the music drama were given. The Toronto engagement was among the successful events of the tour. Mr. Savage expects to be in a position shortly to make some welcome announcements for next season.

Apocryph of the growing interest in the works of Brahms in Toronto, as exemplified in the programmes of the Mendelssohn Choir during the past two seasons, and the introduction of one of Peter Cornelius's remarkable *capella* choruses at the last cycle of Mendelssohn Choir concerts, the Manchester *Guardian*, in a recent article on the Morecambe Music Festival, comments in a significant and interesting manner on the development of a Brahms and Cornelius cult among northern English chorists. In view of the fact that among the novelties chosen for next season's concert of the Mendelssohn Choir are choruses by Brahms and Cornelius, the comments of the musical editor of the Manchester *Guardian* as to the merits of these works will be of interest to all local lovers of unaccompanied choral music. He says in part:

"One result of the operations during the last few years of this festival and of its younger sister at Blackpool is that there exists to-day among Northern chorists a regular Brahms cult. Last October at Blackpool a rich new vein was tapped in the part-songs of Peter Cornelius. Morecambe has followed on, and before long we shall be as familiar with his treasures as with those of Brahms. In the choral work of Cornelius we find the intimate expression of his deepest wells of feeling and gain an insight into his wonderfully poetic and musical nature. Words and music, in the hands of this creative genius, are blended into one harmonious whole, for he was, in the truest sense, one of Germany's poets, his power as a composer being largely the result of this quality. Until quite recently (and he died thirty years ago) his part-songs for mixed and male voices have been neglected here and in Germany in the most unaccountable manner; and yet what glorious things he has accomplished in this domain of music—veritable pearls of great price in our choral literature!"

The closing recital for the season was given in the Conservatory Music Hall on Tuesday evening of last week by pupils from the classes of Dr. Edward Fisher. There was a very large audience present, who listened most attentively and appreciatively to the interesting programme. The younger players acquitted themselves most creditably, displaying a well-developed technique, with intelligent interpretation. These were Miss Olive Thomson, Miss Eva Hughes, Miss Marie Hennessy and Miss Mona Bates, who played *Lyriche Stucke*, Op. 43, Nos. 1 and 3; the *Les Deux Alouettes* (Leshetzky), Valse in A flat, Op. 34 (Chopin); and Grieg's *Humoresken*, Nos. 1 and 3. The delicate Chopin *Bergsenge* received an appropriate and adequate interpretation at the hands of Miss Madge Rogers, and the Duo Sonata (Grieg) which followed was an interesting number. In the violin part Mr. W. G. Rutherford displayed technical and interpretative ability, while the piano part was played by Miss Mary L. Caldwell gave the proper balance of tone, securing thereby a delightful ensemble. Miss Madeline Ryan played Liszt's *Canique d'Amour* expressively, while Miss Madeline Morley's artistic rendering of *On Wings of Song* (Mendelssohn-Heller) delighted the audience. Mr. G. W. Copin was successful in his numbers, viz., Seeling's *Lorelei* and Moszkowski's *Air de Ballet*, the playing of which showed him to be an advanced student, whose future as a professional player should be a brilliant one. The closing number, Weber's *Concert Stucke*, Op. 79, was the most interesting and successful of the evening, with Miss Mary L. Caldwell taking the solo piano parts and Miss Grace Emmett the orchestral accompaniment on a second piano. Miss Caldwell met all the exacting requirements of this brilliant composition with great ease.

Piano pupils of Mr. Peter C. Kennedy, assisted by Mr. J. Jarvis Kennedy, 'celist, gave an admirable recital on Tuesday evening at the Metropolitan School of Music. The programme was a particularly good one in point of selection and its interpretation demonstrated a high average of talent on the part of the pupils. The numbers allotted to them for performance indicated that Mr. Kennedy understands how to draw out and develop the special characteristics and gifts of his pupils. These were the Misses Isabel Turnbull, Eva Stanners, Edith Witchall, Mrs. Stanton, Ella Labelle, Angela T. Breen, Eleanor Sanderson, and Mr. Arthur F. White. Mr. J. Jarvis Kennedy promises to eventually bid high for an artistic reputation, his rendering of the two 'cello solos being especially fine.

The song recital by pupils of Mrs. Mildred Walker in St. George's Hall on Thursday evening, June 15, will be of unusual excellence. The names of those taking part are: Misses Carroll, Bell, Sherris, Bealey, Bridgeland, Hollinrake, Ives, Sheldon and Laliberti, and Messrs. Nancekivell, Clarke, Ives and Van Every. Tickets and programmes may be had at the Bell piano warerooms, 146 Yonge street.

Mr. Harry Roddis, pupil of Mr. Arthur Blight, has been appointed tenor soloist of Old St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church.

The next vocal recital by pupils of Mr. Arthur Blight will be held in Guild Hall, McGill street, on Wednesday evening, June 14, assisted by Miss Irene Weaver, reader, the Blight Ladies' Quartette and the Blight Male Quartette.

Mr. W. E. Barclay, a well-esteemed young Toronto musician, and a son of the late Mr. George J. Barclay of the Conservatory of Music here, departs this week for an extended trip abroad and a special course of musical study in Vienna during the summer months.

If the critic of the *Vossische Zeitung* of Berlin had had the opportunity to attend Paderewski's Carnegie Hall con-

cert in New York a few weeks ago, when he played a programme occupying two hours, and extras for fifty minutes longer, he might have changed his mind in regard to Busoni being able to accomplish a task that no other pianist could perform. What Busoni did was to play at one concert the whole set of Liszt's Paganini Etudes, as well as the *Etudes d'exécution transcendentes*—eighteen herculean feats of virtuosity. Here is what the Berlin critic says:

"Which of the other living pianists could undertake such a colossal task? Eugene d'Albert is out of the question, as he has perhaps never had the ambition to acquire such a stupendous technique; at any rate he does not possess it. His acknowledged pianistic gifts lie in another direction. Moritz Rosenthal is at present the most talked of person in Berlin; but he has not the endurance for such an undertaking; he is physically done for when, for instance, he nears the end of the *Don Juan* fantasia. Paderewski, who since his last appearance here, about eighteen years ago, has developed into a technician of the highest rank, is not endowed by nature and the physical strength of Busoni, and were he to undertake the execution of such a programme he would be in a state of nervous collapse before it was ended. In Godowsky, whose work is machine-like in its precision, and like a music box in finish, the necessary fullness of tone would be lacking. Among the French reproductive artists who tower technically above many of the German, Kistler and Fugno might perhaps accomplish it, but neither produces the wonderful, soft tone that Busoni does; their playing is more robust, and not always without apparent exertion. Besides these there are many fine pianists whom it is not necessary to name, as they cannot be mentioned in connection with such a prodigious undertaking."

Paris is very much concerned at present over a new phenomenon, which is called, for lack of a better name, musical mediocrity. In the same way that a few years ago the attention of the French scientists was largely occupied with thought transference, now many investigators in the French capital are carefully following the experiments which are being conducted with the musical mediums.

In the last number of the *Journal des Debats*, M. Henri de Parville carefully goes over the whole ground, and the facts presented are well worth considering. M. de Parville first takes up the case of a subject by the name of Aubert. "This man, although he has but a rudimentary knowledge of music, performs on the piano, in a semi-hypnotic state, compositions which recall the musical style of Mozart, Chopin, Beethoven, Schubert and others. A second and far more remarkable case, however, is that of Mlle. Nydia. This woman, in an hypnotic state, and with her eyes bandaged, is able to play on the piano any piece of music which may be given her. Thus at a sitting recently held at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, in Brussels, Mlle. Nydia was led to M. Silvain Dupuy, chief of the orchestra of the theatre, who gave her a piece of music composed by himself, which had never been published. M. Dupuy saw that the bandage had been tightly placed over the girl's eyes. Mlle. Nydia then sat down, held the paper in her hands for a few moments, and then, to the great astonishment of every one, played the piece without hesitation.

"Two physicians examined the young woman, and found her to be in a real hypnotic state and absolutely insensible to the exterior world. There were then placed over her eyes a succession of bandages, and with her eyes closed, and she was led to the piano. One of the spectators offered a new opera, which was placed on the piano. The hypnotizer looked at his subject, and immediately the girl played the piece with the greatest cleverness. Another spectator, who had just arrived from New Zealand, offered a piece which had never been performed in Europe. Mlle. Nydia, however, executed it at once, and she played with the same skill a piece of Paderewski's which was unknown to her, and finally, a lady wrote the title of a piece of music on a slip of paper, put it into an envelope, which was afterwards sealed, and gave it to the girl. She placed it on her forehead for a moment, and the next instant was playing Beethoven's *Clair de Lune* sonata."

CHERUBINO.

Mr. William G. Armstrong, one of Toronto's leading baritone and teachers, has been offered the position of vocal instructor of one of Canada's foremost ladies' colleges. Should they secure Mr. Armstrong's services they are to be congratulated, for Mr. Armstrong was assistant to Madam Lankow, one of the few successful teachers of the female voice. Mr. Armstrong returns to Toronto recommended by such musicians as Louis Victor Saar, Isadore Luckstone, Stanley R. Avery, F. W. Reisberg and others.

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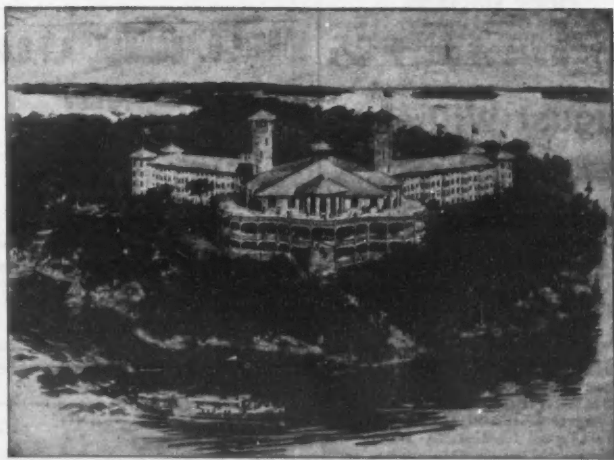


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"A chap generally enlists because 'e's very hard up, or there ain't no work to be got. If you understand me rightly, a chap's pushed into the army by the crowd of out-of-works behind him, an' by the time 'e's got his breath, an' is full up with army rations, an' finds 'e's got plenty of elbow room, 'e begins to forget all about the crowd outside, an' when his seven years' service is nearly in 'e begins to fancy that 'e really enlisted for the love of the thing, an' not because 'e was feelin' peckish."

"Then the colonel sends for 'im."

"Ah, Thompson, sez the colonel, 'artily, 'I understand you're goin' away on the reserve?"

"Yes, sir, sez Thompson.

"Do you think that's wise?" sez the colonel.

"Ho, yes," sez the clever chap, cockily.

"It's very 'ard in civilian life just now," sez the colonel. "What are you goin' to do for a livin'?"

"Anything," sez the clever chap, promptly.

"Humph!" sez the colonel; "that means 'nothing'—are you sure you won't sign on for another five years?"

"I'll watch it," says the clever chap.

"So he goes away in a pair of loud check trousers an' a T-shirt 'at an' a tuppenny cigar, to show 'is independence."

"E' gets up to London, goes 'ome to see his people, 'as a couple of drinks, goes to a music-hall, an' spends a sovereign as free as you please. For a week 'e's as 'appy as a king. Gits up what time 'e likes, an' don't shave unless 'e wants to."

"E's got no sergeants an' corporals to bully 'im, no officers to salute, no fatigues, an' no drills, an' when 'e goes out in town 'e needn't look clean unless 'e feels inclined."

"After a week of riotous livin', most of 'is money bein' spent, 'e pops off to look for work in 'is loud check trousers with the beer stains, an' 'is T-shirt 'at a bit out of shape."

"Want a job, do you?" sez the chap where 'e goes to. "What can you do?"

"Anything," sez the clever chap.

"Outside," sez the chap at the works. "We don't want 'anything' fellers here."

"What's your last job?" sez another feller 'e applies to.

"Army," sez the clever chap, producing 'is discharge.

"What can you do?" sez the foreman.

"The clever chap's learnt a lesson, so 'e's a bit cautious."

"Messenger," 'e sez.

"We've got boys for messengers," sez the foreman.

"Timekeeper," sez the clever chap.

"We've got a clock for that."

"Caretaker," sez the clever chap.

"We don't want no sleepin' partners," sez the foreman.

"Well," sez the clever chap, desperate, "hall porter."

"We ain't got a hall," sez the foreman.

"What some of these clever jossers want," said Smithy, scornfully, "is a job where there ain't any work to do—jobs you can lay down an' watch; old men's jobs, boys' jobs, jobs that don't blister a chap's 'ands, an' that's why all the bloomin' Soldiers' 'Elp Associations in the world won't do any good, because there ain't enough of them jobs to go 'round."

"The other day Spud Murphy gave it

out that as soon as his seven years was in he was going to leave.

"He was talkin' to me an' Nobby about it."

"No more bloomin' soldierin' for me, thank you," sez Spud.

"Don't thank me," sez Nobby.

"I'm goin' to be a free man," sez Spud, 'like I was before I enlisted."

"Ah!" sez Nobby, lookin' up to the sky with a smile.

"When you chaps are bein' turned out of bed at six in the mornin' I shall be gettin' my eye down, nice an' snug."

"Ah!" sez Nobby.

"No more church parades, no more kit inspections, no more bloomin' guards," sez Spud.

"No," sez Nobby, getting up—we was sittin' on the grass in the cricket field—

"No," sez Nobby, sadly. "You'll be a free man, free to get your livin' or starve."

There won't be no kit inspection, 'cos you'll 'ave no kit to show, nor no guards, either, bec'os nobody would trust you to guard a threepenny-bit. Pore feller," sez Nobby, shaking his 'ead an' lookin' at Spud, 'pore old Spud."

"Spud ain't goin' away," Smithy went on to explain, "because Nobby put it about in barracks that 'e was only leavin' the army because the doctor wouldn't pass him for an extension of service, an' just to show Nobby was a liar, Spud went an' took on for another five years."

"If you understand," said Smithy earnestly, "it ain't the chap's fault that 'e can't get a job when 'e leaves the service, it's the army's. A chap that 'as to leave civil life because 'e ain't got a trade in 'is 'ands can't expect to go back to civil life an' find a job sittin' up on its 'ind legs an' beggin'."

"The army don't teach him nothin'," continued Smithy, seriously, "except to turn about by numbers, an' not to talk back to his superiors, an' that's not much use for civil life."

"When 'is time's up 'e goes out an' asks Civil Life to find him work."

"What can you do?" sez Civil Life.

"Stand erect, with me feet at an angle of forty-five degrees, 'ead up, shoulders back, an' me 'ands 'ung loosely by me side, thumbs in rear of the seams of me trousers," sez the Army.

"Very sorry," sez Civil Life, 'but we 'aven't got a job like that. Can you do anything else?"

"Yes," sez the Army, "I can challenge all persons approachin' my post between tattoo an' reveille, turn out the guard to generals an' all armed parties, an' take charge of all Government property in view of me post," sez the Army.

"Can you fix a 'lectric bell?" sez Civil Life.

"No," sez the Army.

"Can you drive a traction engine?" sez Civil Life.

"No," sez the Army.

"Can you make a box, or set a line of type, or draw a plan, or make out a specification, or do anything that the crowd round the dock gates can't do?"

"No," sez the Army.

"Well," sez Civil Life, regretful, "you'd better join the mob at the docks—an' you'll find the Salvation Army shelter down the second turnin' on the right."

"Seven years!" said Smithy, reflectively, "an' about two years of that spare time. A chap could learn anything in seven years—if there was anybody to teach 'im."

"Teach me a trade," sez the Army.

"Good gracious!" sez the Country, 'or-rified. "I couldn't think of such a thing—don't I clothe you, an' feed you, an' pay you?"

"Yes," sez the Army; "but teach me something—if it's only makin' mats, like you do in prison, or carpentering, like you do in work-houses an' reformatory schools."

"But," sez the Country, very agitated, "if I teach you this you'll be competin' with the taxpayer."

"That's all right," sez the Army, "I want to be a taxpayer myself."—Edgar Wallace in London Daily Mail.

A June Thought.

The finest type of peach extant That makes us pipe and gaily chant, Until we slip the noose of care And in joy's grip benignly fare;

Soon on the scene and on the wing A sweet, serene an' luscious thing That makes us whizz with vim and whirl— Because it is the summer girl.

W.A. Murray & Co. Limited.

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Store opens daily at 8.30 a.m. Closes at 6 p.m., except on Saturday; during June, July and August store closes every Saturday at 1 o'clock.

A Stirring Sale of Women's Lovely New York Washable Shirt Waist Suits

\$20.00 Suits \$30.00 Suits \$40.00 Suits
on sale at \$10. on sale at \$15. on sale at \$20.

Sale Continues all Next Week.

Owing to the season's uncertain and unsettled weather, the Selling of Washable Shirt Waist suits has not been so far nearly as great as manufacturers and Retailers looked for. This condition of affairs of course affected both wholesale and retail stocks and now that the calendar shows the rapid approach of mid-summer everyone including ourselves is anxious to clear up. We are in a splendid position to feature a sale of unusual interest on account of our large stock and more especially as we are prepared to let you have at half regular prices some of the choicest productions in washable linen suits sent out by the leading New York manufacturers for 1905.

Full particulars will appear in our announcements in the daily papers.

\$20.00 Suits \$30.00 Suits \$40.00 Suits
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W.A. Murray & Co. Limited, 170 St. King St. East, Toronto.

Camping at Temagami.

The promoters of Camp Temagami are to be congratulated on the splendid programme prepared for the pleasure and instruction of the lads consigned to their care during the coming vacation. It is rare that sufficient care can be



Speckled Trout caught at Camp Temagami.

taken after school days are over to enjoy such a thoroughly healthful and delightful holiday as a boy may have under the best supervision at Camp Temagami. The idea of training the boys as amateur backwoodsmen and voyagers during the summer vacation is a good one and worthy of encouragement. The free,

necessary to use his judgment and act quickly on his own initiative, such training making him alert and self-reliant, and bringing him to the best condition at the close of the season to recommence study, while the memory of his experiences and their value will remain with him through life.

How to Roll an Umbrella.

How many men know how to roll an umbrella so that it will look as neat and compact as when it leaves the store? Not many of those you meet have the secret.

Nearly everyone who rolls an umbrella takes hold of it by the handle and keeps twisting the stick with one hand and folds and rolls with the other hand. The proper way is to take hold of the umbrella just above the points of the cover ribs; these points naturally are even around the stick. Keep hold of these, pressing them closely against the stick, and then roll up the cover. Holding the ribs prevents them from getting

bent out of shape. Then the silk will fold evenly and roll smooth and as close as the first time unfolded.

It is very hard for a woman to make herself believe that her boy's school-teacher isn't jealous of his brains.

Mamma—Here's the man for that clock to be repaired. Get it for him. Tommy—Where is it? Mamma—Upstairs, of course. Tommy—Oh, I thought it had run down.

Katie—Tell me, Edith, what did you say when Charley proposed? Edith—Me? Oh, there was no occasion for me to say anything. Charley had said all that was necessary.



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Who can decide? The wise man or woman does not expect to know all these things, but sees the advantage of having apartments done right at the beginning, and made beautiful, harmonious and lasting by those who understand the business.

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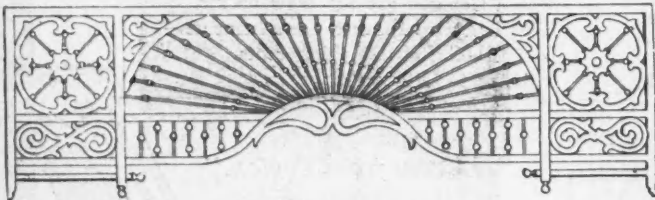
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A Valuable Publication.

The Pennsylvania Railroad 1905 Summer Excursion Route Book.

The passenger department of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has published the 1905 edition of the Summer Excursion Route Book. This work is designed to provide the public with descriptive notes of the principal summer resorts of the United States, with the best routes for reaching them, and the rates of fare. It contains all the principal seashore and mountain resorts in New England, the Middle, Southern and Western States, and in Canada, and over seventeen hundred different routes or combinations of routes. The book has been compiled with the greatest care, and altogether is the most complete and comprehensive handbook of summer travel ever offered to the public.

The cover is handsome and striking, printed in colors, and the book contains several maps, presenting the exact routes over which the tickets are sold. The book is profusely illustrated, with fine half-tone cuts of scenery at the various resorts and along the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

This very interesting book may be procured at any Pennsylvania Railroad ticket office at the nominal price of ten cents, or upon application to Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa., by mail for twenty cents.

Temagami.

Nimrod was a mighty hunter, but had he hunted in the "Temagami" region he would have been a mightier one. Nimrod hunted for glory, but Temagami hunters hunt for game. Those Indians who made the first canoe of birch bark long ago, were our greatest benefactors. The children of these Indians know the canoe and they know how to use it, and if you go to Temagami this summer they will

paddle your canoe in their own superb way. They will be the best guides you ever had, and they will take you through the rivers, lakes, forests and hunting grounds their forefathers once called home, they will tell you of the tricks and habits of the bears, beavers, moose, caribou and deer. Ah! the Indians know, for once they were mightier hunters than ancient Nimrod. Students who camp in summer along the Temagami lakes are able to do two years' work in one. Business men who camp under the Temagami skies never stop at the hospital or go into bankruptcy. Easy access by the Grand Trunk Railway System. For information call at City Ticket Office, North-West corner King and Yonge streets.

Her Favorite Song.

"THAT reminds me," said the young man, ancient nothing in particular, "and it goes to show how curious are the mental processes of the child and how stubborn the minds of grown folk on occasions. I was trying to get my little girl to sleep, and had sung and sung until my repertoire had about become exhausted. As soon as I would finish one song she would ask me forthwith to sing about the 'four heads.' What she meant by the 'four heads' I could not imagine. I conjured up every grotesque thing I ever heard of that would suggest 'four heads,' even in a remote way, and chanted in a way most surprising. But each time she would lip a request for the song about 'four heads.' I appealed to my wife. She could not help me. I was about to despair. 'Papa,' she said, 'you know about the four heads, an' the crown, an' the harp, an' the angels!' So I sang:

"I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand."

"The troubled look disappeared from her face as soon as I began the verse, and before I had finished she was asleep in my arms."

If men saved to keep out of debt the way they have to get out, this would be a world of millionaires.

She—No, I can never marry you. All our family is opposed to you. He—But if you are not—She—I said all our family.

Lady Gay's Column

If there is one thing more than another which exasperates me in this world it is vagueness. Do you know it? The vagueness which calls over the phone "Is that the —?" (Not the SATURDAY NIGHT).

"No? Well, isn't that Lady Gay? Well, isn't that the office? Oh, well, never mind, I'll call up again." And all the time the toast is getting so soggy and the eggs are getting cold, while, if it's an omelette one has just begun on, it may as well go into —I nearly said the waste paper basket! For the person who is vague on locality is also vague on time, and delights in summoning one just at the identical minute one sits down to breakfast, or steps into the bath or closes the eyes for a wee nappie after luncheon. Some persons are vague on dates. They always get to afternoon teas the week before or the day after the tea is due. They remember luncheons at dinner time and dinners just as they fall asleep in bed. Their appointments are an unending discipline to their friends, their tradespeople, their dressmakers. One has but this comfort in their decease; that it will be out of their power to be late for their funeral. One wonders how men afflicted with vagueness (they are apt to call it artistic temperament) ever get anything—a wife, a home, a living—in this world, or having by some happy luck secured all three, how they keep them. "I never know when or with whom we shall dine," said a woman whose husband was afflicted with vagueness. "Sometimes Gerry brings in two or three men, and quite as often some woman chum of mine rings me up to know whether we are coming to her for the meal, as Gerry promised a day or so ago." She laughed, for she loved her vague partner. "I'm getting used to it now, and besides, people have discovered his lack of concentration or whatever it is that's the matter, and generally apprise me in time of the advent of visitors or the making of promises."

Sometimes this quality of vagueness is most disconcerting. Were you ever unfortunate enough to be credited by one of its possessors with the authorship of a story, a poor pun, a bit of scandal of which you were entirely ignorant? Did you ever arrive at the home of its possessor, anticipating the dainty luncheon, to be told by an evidently amused servant that mistresses was out on the links and wouldn't be home until dinner-hour? I heard one of the funniest remarks about a man whose comrades had suffered many things because of him and his vagueness. "If you want to see him at his worst," said an exasperated chum, "you must see him at church. It's a study in vagueness to watch him during the prayers, and to hear his calm 'amen.' I am quite certain that if the clergyman would only take it upon himself to pray that the earth might be consumed with fire and all humanity blotted out in five seconds, that fellow would blurt out 'Amen,' and never be a bit the wiser." Persons endowed with the quality of vagueness resent horribly any remarks upon it. If they are simply obsessed by the notion that it's a worthy distinction from the common herd of practical folk, (which they often are), they will tell you that it's impossible for them to correct it, that it's artistic, and they smile in a way that suggests their pity for the person whose remark it is to be exact and keep appointments. And so, besides the plentiful task of watching out for our own dates and places and facts, we must perforce be ever on guard against these vague folk, who jumble and muddle place those three things, and smile pleasantly in a superior manner at the havoc they make of life's responsibilities.

Down in "Old Quebec" there is a quaint wee corner which everyone should visit. It is called the "Little Shoppe," and is just two minutes' walk from the beautiful Chateau Frontenac. Its chief attraction for many is not the curious rooms full of old things picked up through the country, but the fact that within its walls once abode the father of Queen Victoria, the Duke of Kent. The house is three stories high, standing a little back from the pavement, and if the gods be good, one may perchance tarry within one of those quaint little chambers on the top floor, where one could dream anything, so full of old-time atmosphere are they. As I am writing two years after spending a couple of days or more in a tiny sky-parlor in that dear old house, it may already have changed in some disastrous way. One is troubled so often on going back to some cherished spot and finding desolation and disuse. But if it be still there and intact, you who waste time about hotel parlors should spend some such time in certain old holes and corners instead, and among them "Ye Little Shoppe."

It is a trite saying that there are just two minds in man, the one which looks for the worst, and the other which looks for the best in life. But true as it is, it contains the whole secret of social happiness and misery. It is a fact that each of us is more or less equally good and bad and that we love to be appreciated and praised, and we hate to be depreciated and blamed. It is delightful to see how our neighbor acknowledges the impulse in us to find him a fine fellow, by living up to the mark, and it is deplorable to watch him rage or grovel if we show up his coarseness or his meanness. There are plenty of deplorable things now going on for which we are not responsible, and the life we live is never too delightful. It is, moreover, natural to alter a bit the poet's line and say "What care I how good he be, if he be not good to me?" But the way to make folks good to you is to be good to them. Someone has got to start the business, and you and I might as well be the someone. Can you fancy the whole-some sweetness of the world, the pleasantness of social life if you and I and all the rest were, deep in our hearts, bent on finding the ever so small bit of pure gold in every form of clay? Never mind the foolish ambitions of this one, the surliness of that one, the crudeness of the other, the questionable *modus operandi* or the cheap assertion. These are all so easily seen and not worth noting, but underneath each is somewhere that worthiness which perhaps by our recognition will dominate and gladden a sordid, a morose or a miserable existence, while our own attitude of eagerness to commend, instead of to carp, will uplift and glorify our own lives. The more you think of it the better it appears!

The other morning, in a quiet corner of a quiet church we sat and listened to the story of Job—no little slices of it, such as one gets in church services, but the whole story of the patient man, that eminently human story which is full of the beautiful, poetic, Oriental imagery, and the deep materialism that often goes with it. Heard as it was told in masterly manner, and entirely, it was such a treat as probably none of the listeners had ever had before. Not a point was missed, not an inflexion put wrongly. One groaned in spirit for a college of elocution and declamation, and a good long course therein for every man per son ordained to mumble and murder the narrative of the old times. I am always sorry that Job got back everything; it seems to materialize the climax and up peals down instead of up. But it will be a long day before one forgets the passionate defence, the sense of injustice and injury, the gradual appealing and uplifting of the man Job, the harmony of the man-will with the God-will, that lesson everyone must learn, if not now, some time; if not here, somewhere. And the quiet church, the soft dropping of the June rain, the nestling of a child to her mother's arm, the grave faces of the old, those perhaps who understood best what Job had suffered and subdued, and the man who told the story, in clear melodious voice and earnest tone, the good words that fell on the silent congregation—it was an hour to be remembered.

LADY GAY.

St. Louis After the Fair.

THE vital strength and expansive energy of this city, as shown by existing conditions, are a surprise in a certain sense to its own people. It was supposed, as a matter of course, that for an indefinite period after the World's Fair there would be some receding in the tide of business. What has come is not a lull, but the greatest boom in general

Still Another Triumph for the

Heintzman & Co.



(Made by Ye Olde Firme of Heintzman & Co.)

THEY come thick and fast. It is a very matter-of-fact statement, but one full of significance, that it hardly seems possible to dissociate the name of any great artist or musical occasion with the Heintzman & Co. Piano. They go together at all times.

The THEODORE THOMAS ORCHESTRA

and the

Heintzman & Co. Piano

is perhaps the most recent and one of the most important combinations. May 24th and 25th, a great musical festival was held in London, Ont., the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, of fifty members, and a festival chorus of three hundred voices giving three performances. The pianist on this occasion was Mr. Rudolph Ganz, and of his work and the piano of Heintzman & Co. used the local press speak as follows:

London Advertiser.—The writer has never heard a better piano than the magnificent Heintzman & Co. piano used at the concert, and bears testimony to it as to the other splendid features that have made the festival such a success. The tone is not only penetrating, but beautifully full, mellow and resonant—just what the average concert grand is not. With it Mr. Ganz had a chance even in such a building as the rink, which is the finest compliment that any instrument could deserve. Mr. Ganz expressed his great delight at the beautiful tones of this superb piano, and was so much pleased that he responded, when recalled, with an exquisite composition, which he said he had never played before on any piano except his own. This was certainly a great compliment to the Heintzman & Co. pianos, and all true Canadians should feel justly proud of this eulogy, and that such a magnificent instrument is "made in Canada." It was a splendid opportunity to compare the merits of the Heintzman & Co. with the very best of American pianos, and the general consensus of opinion, expressed by musicians, was that the Heintzman & Co. had a fuller, richer and more resonant quality of tone. Mr. Ganz, after the Wednesday afternoon recital, expressed his great pleasure at having been so fortunate as to have such a beautiful instrument for his use. It was more than equal, he said, to all the demands made upon it by him. Mr. Ganz, after his magnificent performance of Wednesday, places himself in the front rank of eminent musicians.

London Free Press.—Mr. Rudolph Ganz, the pianist, was a delightful revelation. After Paderewski, we had expected to be blasé, but where the former failed to thrill, the latter aroused enthusiasm. Mr. Ganz played the impossibly difficult Liszt Concerto for piano, in A major, and played with splendid command of technique, brilliancy and bravura. Moreover, his playing is sympathetic, and his interpretation sane and healthy. In response to repeated encores he played a Scherzo by D'Albert. In connection with Mr. Ganz's part in the programme, special mention should be made of the concert grand Heintzman and Co. piano which he used. This piano was especially selected for him, and more than won its way into the hearts alike of pianist and audience. The mellowness and resonance of the tone were much remarked upon. The action was splendidly free. The instrument was voted by all judges in attendance as the finest ever used on a concert occasion in this city. Mr. Ganz, the eminent Swiss pianist, was enthusiastic in his praises. As showing his appreciation of the Heintzman and Co. piano, it need only be said that Mr. Ganz played as his encore number the D'Albert Scherzo, which he never plays except on his own piano. Dr. Torrington, of Toronto, was also delighted with the splendid tonal qualities of the Heintzman and Co. piano.

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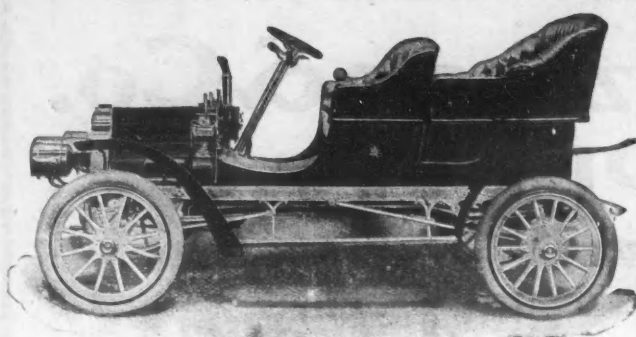
the city has ever known. This is no vain boast or exaggeration, but a solid, demonstrated fact. Any one who looks over the city can see it, and any one who examines the official figures of current business can prove it. It seems that in the years of preparation for the Fair that event held the foreground in all calculations, as was wise and appropriate. Exceptional prosperity prevailed then and the city advanced steadily, but there was in all that was done and planned a conservative feeling as to what might happen after the great exposition closed its gates and the normal business of the city was resumed. Therefore, the present tidal wave of activity is a surprise as complete as it is agreeable. The banks and post-office are doing more business than they transacted a year ago, and there is no branch of the city's activities in which the tide is not flowing and making its highest marks.

In no department of business is this state of affairs more distinctly seen than in building and real estate generally. The new buildings going up, residences and apartment houses included, are about twice as numerous and valuable as was the case one year ago, or two years ago, and at that time many structures for the Fair were included in the total. The movement in real estate, improved and unimproved, is phenomenally large and the prices, especially in business property, are the best that have ever been obtained. High-priced structures

and lots in the central district attract heavy investors and capitalists, for it is there that the incidental increment in a growing city is most substantial and practically sure. Large tracts of new residence districts are under rapid development, the trolley having made a five-mile ride as easy as one of two miles was a few years ago. Those predictions about rows of empty houses have not come true. Instead of that view of idle property, the scene presented is one of long blocks of half-finished dwellings, thousands of future homes, going up as fast as the busy army of mechanics can push them forward.

Such is the St. Louis of 1905, with the largest and grandest of world's fairs a thing of the past, except for the vacant palaces, whose combined immensities are again displayed in the Titanic task of slowly clearing them away. The chief point of the matter is that the city is more of a young giant, than even its most sanguine inhabitants have supposed. Its elements of growth are broader, and go deeper, than those most familiar with it have hitherto estimated. These facts may well inspire increased pride and confidence, and enhance public spirit and civic effort. Other pleasant surprises are probable as the central city of the continent goes forward in its appointed course. May it have the zealous support of its citizens, and that excellence of government that counts for so much in realizing all that opportunity and destiny may offer.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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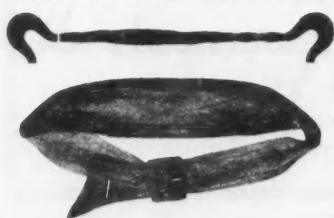
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105 KING ST. WEST.

The Scared Hero.

The man who goes down with his engine in a wreck is considered worthy of great commendation, when the truth is, as all railway men are aware, that the unfortunate in such cases lost his nerve at the critical moment and hesitated to jump. When an accident is impending

The Sweet Girl Graduate.

THIS is the glad season of the year when the girl graduate reigns, acknowledged queen of creation. She has plucked the crown from the saucy brow of the picnic girl, and wears it in demure majesty. Her rule will not be for long; soon her brief authority will pass away, and the June bride and the summer girl will come to share the throne in her stead. But while she is with us her word is absolute, and all mankind bows in willing obedience before her.

Her throne is the flower-banked stage of the college hall; her crown is the wreath of blossoms poised above her hair; her scepter is a scroll tied with a dainty ribbon. A little while and the fragrant platform will be dusty and bare; the wreath will fade and die like a disappointed hope; the diploma with its Gothic type and its golden seal will be carefully framed and forgotten. But a trace to such sad thoughts! The girl graduate reigns in our midst; long live the queen!

She flashes on our awed gaze in conscious, indescribable splendor. She is a thing of gleaming ribbons and filmy, fluttering laces and soft veiling and other fables beyond the power of ordinary words to define. Her eyes are modestly downcast, her crossed palms are hidden in pure white gloves, her slippers retreat coyly beneath her trailing draperies. She is mistress of wonderful harmonies and most abstruse knowledge. She sits at the piano and her quick fingers lure from the keys a magic spell which floats over her auditors and bewitches them. Or she stands before them and finds new meanings in the trite old facts of history. "Beyond the Alps lies Italy!" 'Tis a sentiment of which the sweet girl graduate never tires. She weaves about the storied words of the great commander a thousand noble aspirations. She shames a sordid world with the maiden purity of her ideals. Her valedictory to dear old alma mater flashes with merry laughter at the recollection of bygone pranks, and takes on the grey, sombre hue of tears at the thought of the last leave-taking. Then there is applause that sounds sweetly in her ears; there are a thousand fervent congratulations; there are the kisses of her mother and sisters and dear girl friends, the hand-clasps of her admiring brothers and other mere men; there is the glow of pride as her eye looks down at the medal gleaming on her bosom. Commencement day is one long-drawn breath of triumph.

And when it is all over how long does the memory endure? Alas! it is quickly forgotten when vacation plans demand attention. No time to think of the old trammelled life of books and pens, when the keen air of freedom is so sweet in the nostrils. So the queen abdicates her transient authority. The wreath and veil are put aside and her hair is dressed in the hairdresser's coiffure that fashion decrees. The sheepskin scepter is exchanged for a dance-card, a fan—or (be it whispered softly) a darning-needle, a broom. Other ideals and other aspirations than those of the classroom come into her life. Italy still slumbers in the sun beyond the Alps, but the sweet girl graduate, the queen of May, heeds it not; she has become a woman of the world.

Funeral of William Stitt.

The funeral of the late William Stitt, of the firm of William Stitt & Co., who passed away after a very short illness at his home, 15 Selby street, on Friday, May 26, took place on Monday, May 29, and was conducted by the Rev. Canon Welch of St. James' Cathedral and Rev. E. Cayley of St. Simon's Church. Although the funeral was private it was attended



THE LATE WILLIAM STITT.

the cool and collected engineer shuts off steam, applies the brakes and opens the valves, all of the actions taking a few seconds. Then he looks out for his own safety. Another man becomes so frightened in the presence of great danger that he does nothing, not even the possible, and he is the person likely to wear a martyr's crown.—Locomotive Engineering.

Nutmeg Tree and Fruit.

"A nutmeg tree," said the gardener. "It looks like a laurel, doesn't it? Such trees are rare in these parts."

"The nutmeg tree begins to bear at the age of ten years. It keeps on bearing until it is ninety. The fruit resembles an apricot, and when the fruit is ripe it bursts open, showing at its heart the black nutmeg enclosed in a network of scarlet."

"The nutmeg, after plucking, must be dried. It is dried over a slow fire, and the process is tedious; it often occupies two months."

"Before shipping, the nutmegs are always steeped in sea water and lime. This is to protect them from insects. They have nothing but insects to fear. In an insect-proof condition they keep—well, they keep practically for ever."

Health!

Do you want it? health! which brings the even pulse, the clear brain, the hospitable heart, the cheerful manner, and the biggest bank balance. Do you want it? Then get the Muskoka appetite, the Muskoka muscle, and the Muskoka color. In the "Muskoka" region health is given away, but you must apply for it in person. When to go, how to go, the best hotel, short talks on fishing, canoeing, camping, bathing and a word about expenses—all in a little book with a map and nineteen views, issued by the Grand Trunk Railway System.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births

ALLEN—Allendale, June 4, Mrs. A. Paine Allen, a daughter.
BESSEY—East Toronto, June 7, Mrs. W. H. Bessey, a daughter.
FORMAN—Port Perry, June 5, Mrs. J. L. Forman, a daughter.
GALBRAITH—Leithbridge, Alta., June 2,

WOULD YOU LIKE TO WEAR THIS HANDSOME SUMMER GOWN?



As can be seen by the fashion picture, no ordinary style, no ordinary beauty distinguishes this charming shirt waist suit. It's a reproduction by our own tailors, of one of the handsomest model suits we brought from New York. There it cost \$40.00, but here, its perfect replica in style, material and fine workmanship need only cost you \$25.00, and, if anything, the Japanese silk of which this suit is made is of even finer texture than that in the original.

This is one of the handsomest shirt waist suits we are showing this season.

A very handsome contrasting effect is produced in the waist by fine tucking and rows of cross shirring. The yoke is made perfectly smooth and ornamented with medallions. The skirt is made with shirring at waist and has a deep flounce finished with shirring and gathered tucks. Colors are Black, Navy Blue and Brown. Sizes 32 to 42 bust. Out-of-town customers can order by No. 5224.

Price \$25.00

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at 8 a.m.

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
190 YONGE ST., TORONTO

Store Closes
at 5.00 p.m.



'Red Feather' Tea

Quoth Uncle Sam, "I hate to see Them Canucks get the draw on me. This here Red Feather Tea's immense—Makes U.S. feel like thirty cents. I'll hike to Ottawa," says he, "And coax for reciprocity-tea."

"A Treat from Ceylon."

ONE PRICE—40 CENTS



Mrs. Galbraith, a son.
KING—Garden River, May 29, Mrs. H. W. King, a son.
LYON—Toronto, June 3, Mrs. Arthur L. Lyon, a son (still-born).
MACKLIN—Toronto, May 30, Mrs. H. G. Macklin, a son.
PEACE—Toronto Junction, June 6, Mrs. H. W. Peace, a son.
STRATHY—Toronto, June 6, Mrs. Gerard B. Strathy, a son.
SUGDEN—Toronto, May 30, Mrs. H. Sugden, a son.

Marriages
SHAW—DUVAL—On June 7, at St. Anne's Church, Toronto, by Rev. Lawrence E. Skeg, George Herbert Shaw, son of the late Robert Shaw, of Clifford, to Florence May Duval, only daughter of Mrs. Spencer of 496 Church street, Toronto.
HAY—VANBURG—At St. Andrew's Church, June 6, by Rev. Armstrong Black, David J. Hay of Toronto to Sarah Vanburg of Warkworth.
ADAMS—PHIPPS—Toronto, June 7, Edna Gertrude Phipps to George Frederick Adams.
MOORE—REYNOLDS—In St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, on Wednesday, June 7, by Rev. Canon Cody, D.D., assisted by Rev. Canon Welch, Marie Louise, only surviving daughter of the late William Reynolds, to William Ellwood Moore, son of the late Dr. William Moore, and grandson of Mr. R. S. Williams.
LEPAN—PARK—On Wednesday, May 31, at 360 Lafayette avenue, Detroit, Mich., by Rev. C. L. Arnold, Geoffrey Brock Lepan, son of L. A. Lepan, Jarvis, to Ella Blanche, eldest daughter of Jacob Park of Detroit.
WILSON—HARA—On June 5, at 120 Bagg street, Detroit, by Rev. D. Burnham Tracy, Emma Catharine Wilson, eldest daughter of Mrs. Scott Smith of Toronto, to Frederick North Hara of St. Catharines, Ont.
ALEXANDER—SOMERVILLE—London South, June 3, Maud Amelia Somerville to Norman Byron Alexander, M.D.
BAYLEY—LIPSCOMB—Toronto, June 3, Mary Cecil Lipscomb to Harold Cuthbert Bayley.
CATHER—VIVIAN—Toronto, June 7, Lillian May Vivian to Joseph E. Cather.
CHAPMAN—FLEMING—Westminster, May 24, Ethel Jean Fleming to George Arthur Emerson Chapman.
DENNY—GREENWAY—Toronto, June 6, Amelia Lott Greenway to James Denny.
DOUGLAS—COADY—Toronto, June 3, Edith Mary Sutton Coady to James S. Douglas.
ENOUGH—KENNEDY—Barrie, June 5, Margaret Kennedy to William S. M. Enough.
HARLEY—GALBRAITH—Toronto, June 7, Martha Louise Galbraith to Robert H. Harley.
KENNIN—MILLIGAN—Toronto, June 7, Alice Sibyl Milligan to Frank Nicholls Kennin.
LUGSDIN—SLOANE—Niagara, May 31, Beatrice C. Sloane to Herbert L. Lugsdin.
MACMILLAN—LASH—Toronto, June 6, Cornelia Chesebro' Lash to Kerr Duncan Macmillan.
MATHER—MACFARLANE—Toronto, June 1, Hilda Gertrude MacFarlane to Norman Lorne Campbell Mather.
MCKENZIE—CAULFIELD—Toronto, June 6, Nina K. Caulfield to John Melrose McKenzie.
MILLS—GERMAN—Toronto, June 7, Ida May German to Harry P. Mills.
NEWTON—GUEST—Toronto, June 7, Lillian Gertrude Guest to Frederick J. Newton.
ROWLEY—RICHARDSON—Ottawa, June 7, Mabel Treacher Richardson to Oswald Robert Rowley.
SCOTT—BURKHOLDER—Woodbridge, June 6, Mary Burkholder to George H. Scott.
SPRAGGE—WALDIE—Toronto, June 7, Jessie Waldie to Godfrey Edward Spragge.
SMART—MCIPHERSON—Toronto, June 6, Mary Mabel McPherson to John A. Smart.
SUTCLIFFE—WILSON—Toronto, June 5, Hattie C. Wilson to J. E. Sutcliffe.
TAMLYN—MARTIN—Toronto, June 6, Margaret Martin to Henry E. W. Tamlyn, M.D.
TINLIE—BROWN—Parkdale, June 7, Bessie E. Brown to Thomas Clarkson Tinlie.
TURPIN—WEDD—Toronto, June 7, Amy Charlton Wedd to John Weston Turpin.
WILSON—HARSHAW—Los Angeles, June 1, Constance Harshaw to James J. Wilson, M.D., R.C.I.

Deaths
ALLEN—Toronto, June 7, Anthony Mark Allen, aged 83 years.
ARMSTRONG—St. Catharines, June 6, Thomas Norman Armstrong, aged 38 years.
BARKER—Toronto, June 3, Mrs. Isabella McGill Barker, aged 74 years.
BLACK—Toronto, June 4, Arthur Black, aged 27 years.
BOBY—Toronto, June 6, Ven. Samuel J. Boddy, Archdeacon of York, aged 79 years.
COCKBURN—Toronto, June 2, Alexander P. Cockburn, aged 68 years.
DREW—Toronto, June 6, Mrs. Edward Drew.
DUNPHY—New York, Mrs. William T. Dunphy, aged 25 years.
DINSMORE—Toronto, June 5, Mrs. A. J. Dinsmore.
FAIRBAIRN—Toronto, June 5, Mrs. R. Fairbairn, aged 53 years and 10 months.
FERRIS—Campbellford, June 3, Mrs. Catharine Ferris, aged 78 years.
HARPER—Rat Portage, June 1, Mrs. Mary Harper.
HISLOP—Toronto, June 3, Mrs. Mary Muffitt Hislop, aged 64 years.
HORNOR—Toronto, June 2, Mrs. Ann Hornor, aged 78 years.
KIRBY—Weston, June 2, Frank Kirby, aged 31 years.
LAMPORT—Toronto, June 3, Mrs. Henry Lamport.
LANDSELL—Brampton, June 5, Alfred R. Lansdell, aged 89 years.
MALLOCH—Ayr, June 1, George Malloch, aged 60 years.
MANN—Toronto, June 3, Mrs. Anne Mann, aged 83 years.
O'HARE—Midland, June 2, Mrs. Michael O'Hare, aged 63 years and 9 months.
RISLEY—Toronto, June 6, Mrs. Sarah Catharine Risley.
SIMS—Montreal, Nov. 5, Allison H. Sims, aged 52 years.
STODDERS—Tara, June 2, Andrew Stodders, aged 75 years.
WIGMORE—Toronto, June 3, Alfred Osmond Wigmore, aged 2 years and 4 months.

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